

Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics

Book Fifth
(Nineteenth Century)

Selected and Arranged by
Laurence Binyon

With Notes by
J. H. Fowler

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

It has been a great pleasure to me to accept the publishers' invitation that I should complete my commentary upon Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* by writing notes upon Mr. Binyon's fascinating supplementary book.

The commentator upon poets is widely regarded with suspicion, and when he has the temerity to approach the poets of his own generation he may expect the suspicions to harden into positive hostility. It must be admitted that he has often given ground for complaint in the past by burying the poets under a mass of irrelevant, if erudite, information; and when a reputable commentator can be so seriously misleading as to interpret the first two lines of *Rose Aylmer* (No. 49) by "Kings and Gods have no monopoly of goodness," or to explain that Christina Rossetti's singing-bird "Whose nest is in a watered shoot" (No. 28) inhabited a waterfall, the case against the profession grows black indeed.

Yet there is another side to the matter. If the professional annotator sometimes goes so far astray, may it not mean that even mature readers of poetry miss a good deal of pleasure and profit because they glide over the surface of the meaning? Poetry as rich in nuances and subtleties as modern poetry habitually is will only yield its full meaning to the patient and thoughtful reader. It is surely not an unworthy task to

attempt to elucidate with the help of parallels from other poets.

If some of the notes should seem to be at different levels, I can only say in defence what I have said before : that a commentary is not intended, any more than a dictionary, to be read through by a single reader.

Many of the poems in this selection have already appeared in Mr. Binyon's *Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*, for which I have written notes in my *English Literature Series* (vols. 62, 63). The present volume often reproduces these notes, but with many additions on points of detail for which the ampler scale of the volumes in the *English Classics Series* offers opportunity.

J. H. FOWLER.

CLIFTON, *January*, 1928.

MR. BINYON'S PREFACE

TO THE GOLDEN TREASURY, BOOK V.

THE supplementary Fifth Book was planned to include, like the original *Golden Treasury*, selections from writers no longer living in the year of publication. It covers therefore the whole Victorian era, but contains also works by poets of the young generation cut off by the War. To bridge the gap between these and the older masters of the nineteenth century, a few living poets whose career began in the Victorian time are here partially represented. A fuller selection of these and other contemporaries is given in the *Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*.

During the period covered by this Book a great body of poetry has been produced in America, and in the Overseas Dominions, which should have been represented, had not considerations of space entirely forbidden.

Cordial acknowledgments are here tendered to the following authors and owners of copyrights who have given permission for poems to appear in these pages :

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THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK FIFTH

1

CCCXL

THE LOTOS-EATERS : CHORIC SONG

1

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 5
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 10
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

2

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 15
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan.
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :

Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings, 20
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 ' There is no joy but calm ! '
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

3

Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 25
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 30
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days, 35
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

4

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 40
 Death is the end of life ; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ? 45
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace

In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? 50
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

5

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 55
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day, 60
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory, 65
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

6

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 70
And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change :
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy,
Or else the island princes over-bold 75
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain. 80

The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 85
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

7

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still, 90
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 95
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

8

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak : 100
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is
 blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 105
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
 seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in
 the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 110
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and
 fiery sands, 115
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
 praying hands.
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil, 120
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil.
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil ;
 Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down
 in hell
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 125
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
 Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.
Lord Tennyson.

THE VISION OF THE STRAYED REVELLER

THE Gods are happy.
 They turn on all sides
 Their shining eyes,
 And see below them
 The earth and men.

They see Tiresias
 Sitting, staff in hand,

On the warm, grassy
Asopus bank,
His robe drawn over 10
His old, sightless head.
Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens 15
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Rear'd proudly, snuffing 20
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moor'd to
A floating isle thick-matted 25
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon-plants
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting—drifting ;—round him,
Round his green harvest-plot, 30
Flow the cool lake-waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide stepp, unharnessing
His wheel'd house at noon. 35
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal—
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers ;—all around
The boundless, waving grass-plains stretch, thick-starr'd
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock 40
And flag-leaved iris-flowers.

Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal ; before him, for long miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard-fowl, 45
The track, a straight black line,
Furrows the rich soil ; here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds
Topp'd with rough-hewn,
Grey, rain-blear'd statues, overpeer 50
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasmian stream ;—thereon,
With snort and strain, 55
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow
The ferry-boat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm-harness'd by the mane ; a chief,
With shout and shaken spear, 60
Stands at the prow, and guides them ; but astern
The cowering merchants, in long robes,
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk-bales and of balsam-drops,
Of gold and ivory, 65
Of turquoise-earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barr'd onyx-stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies ; 70
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea, 75

At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing. 80
But oh, what labour !
O prince, what pain !

They too can see
Tiresias ;—but the Gods,
Who give them vision, 85
Added this law ;
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorn'd white hairs ; 90
Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthen'd
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion ;—then they feel, 95
They too, the maddening wine
Swell their large veins to bursting ; in wild pain
They feel the biting spears
Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
Drive crashing through their bones ; they feel 100
High on a jutting rock in the red stream
Alomena's dreadful son
Ply his bow ;—such a price
The Gods exact for song :
To become what we sing. 105

They see the Indian
On his mountain lake ; but squalls
Make their skiff reel, and worms

In the unkind spring have gnawn
Their melon-harvest to the heart.—They see 110
The Scythian ; but long frosts
Parch them in winter-time on the bare stepp,
Till they too fade like grass ; they crawl
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants 115
On the Oxus stream ;—but care
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.
Whether, through whirling sand,
A cloud of desert robber-horse have burst
Upon their caravan ; or greedy kings, 120
In the wall'd cities the way passes through,
Crush'd them with tolls ; or fever-airs,
On some great river's marge,
Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes 125
Near harbour ;—but they share
Their lives, and former violent toil in Thebes,
Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy ;
Or where the echoing oars
Of Argo first 130
Startled the unknown sea.

The old Silenus
Came, lolling in the sunshine,
From the dewy forest-coverts,
This way, at noon. 135
Sitting by me, while his Fauns
Down at the water-side
Sprinkled and smoothed
His drooping garland,
He told me these things. 140

M. Arnold.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

- WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat 5
With the dragon-fly on the river.
- He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay, 10
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.
- High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can, 15
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.
- He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river !), 20
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.
- ‘ This is the way,’ laughed the great god Pan 25
(Laughed while he sate by the river),
‘ The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.’
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river. 30

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly 35
 Came back to dream on the river.

 Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man :
 The true god sighs for the cost and pain— 40
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.
E. B. Browning.

4

CCCXLIII

SONG IN THE SONGLESS

THEY have no song, the sedges dry
 And still they sing.
 It is within my breast they sing,
 As I pass by.
 Within my breast they touch a string, 5
 They wake a sigh.
 There is but sound of sedges dry ;
 In me they sing.
G. Meredith.

5

CCCXLIV

SIBYLLA PALMIFERA

UNDER the arch of Life, where love and death,
 Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
 Beauty enthroned ; and though her gaze struck awe,
 I drew it in as simply as my breath.

- The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd, 20
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.
- O follow, leaping blood. 25
The season's lure !
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure ! 30
- Past, Future glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail, 35
In sound and smell !
- Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd, 40
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.
- For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills 45
The flower with dew ;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

Lord Tennyson.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

WELL dost thou, Love, thy solemn Feast to hold
 In vestal February ;
 Not rather choosing out some rosy day
 From the rich coronet of the coming May,
 When all things meet to marry ! 5

O quick, præternal Power
 That signall'st punctual through the sleepy mould
 The Snowdrop's time to flower,
 Fair as the rash oath of virginity
 Which is first-love's first cry ; 10

O, Baby spring,
 That flutter'st sudden 'neath the breast of Earth
 A month before the birth ;
 Whence is the peaceful poignancy,
 The joy contrite, 15

Sadder than sorrow, sweeter than delight,
 That burthens now the breath of everything,
 Though each one sighs as if to each alone
 The cherish'd pang were known ?
 At dusk of dawn, on his dark spray apart, 20

With it the Blackbird breaks the young Day's heart ;
 In evening's hush
 About it talks the heavenly-minded Thrush ;
 The hill with like remorse
 Smiles to the Sun's smile in his westering course ; 25

The fisher's drooping skiff
 In yonder sheltering bay ;
 The choughs that call about the shining cliff ;
 The children, noisy in the setting ray ;
 Own the sweet season, each thing as it may ; 30

Thoughts of strange kindness and forgotten peace
 In me increase ;

And tears arise
 Within my happy, happy Mistress' eyes,
 And, lo, her lips, averted from my kiss, 35
 Ask from Love's bounty, ah, much more than bliss !
 Is't the sequester'd and exceeding sweet
 Of dear Desire electing his defeat ?
 Is't the waked Earth now to yon purpling cope
 Uttering first-love's first cry, 40
 Vainly renouncing, with a seraph's sigh,
 Love's natural hope ?
 Fair-meaning Earth, foredoom'd to perjury !
 Behold, all amorous May,
 With roses heap'd upon her laughing brows, 45
 Avoids thee of thy vows !
 Were it for thee, with her warm bosom near,
 To abide the sharpness of the Seraph's sphere ?
 Forget thy foolish words ;
 Go to her summons gay, 50
 Thy heart with dead, wing'd Innocencies fill'd,
 Ev'n as a nest with birds
 After the old ones by the hawk are kill'd.
 Well dost thou, Love, to celebrate
 The noon of thy soft ecstasy, 55
 Or e'er it be too late,
 Or e'er the Snowdrop die !

C. Patmore.

DREAM-LOVE

YOUNG Love lies sleeping
 In May-time of the year,
 Among the lilies,
 Lapped in the tender light ;

White lambs come grazing, 5
White doves come building there ;
And round about him
The May-bushes are white.

Soft moss the pillow
For oh, a softer cheek ; 10
Broad leaves cast shadow
Upon the heavy eyes :
There wind and waters
Grow lulled and scarcely speak ;
There twilight lingers 15
The longest in the skies.

Young Love lies dreaming ;
But who shall tell the dream ?
A perfect sunlight
On rustling forest tips ; 20
Or perfect moonlight
Upon a rippling stream ;
Or perfect silence,
Or song of cherished lips.

Burn odours round him 25
To fill the drowsy air ;
Weave silent dances
Around him to and fro ;
For oh, in waking
The sights are not so fair, 30
And song and silence
Are not like these below.

Young Love lies dreaming
Till summer days are gone,—
Dreaming and drowsing 35
Away to perfect sleep :

BOOK FIFTH

17

He sees the beauty
Sun hath not looked upon,
And tastes the fountain
Unutterably deep.

40

Him perfect music
Doth hush unto his rest,
And through the pauses
The perfect silence calms :
Oh, poor the voices
Of earth from east to west,
And poor earth's stillness
Between her stately palms.

45

Young Love lies drowsing
Away to popped death ;
Cool shadows deepen
Across the sleeping face :
So fails the summer
With warm, delicious breath ;
And what hath autumn
To give us in its place ?

50

55

Draw close the curtains
Of branched evergreen ;
Change cannot touch them
With fading fingers sere :
Here first the violets
Perhaps will bud unseen,
And a dove, may be,
Return to nestle here.

60

C. G. Rossetti.

DAISY

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South, 5
And southward dreams the sea ;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry 10
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins 15
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way ;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day ! 20

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray ;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face ! 25
She gave me tokens three :—

A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand. 30

For, standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes. 35

The fairest things have fleetest end :
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose ! 40

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way :—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way ;
She went, and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And the partings yet to be. 45

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad ;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad. 50

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes. 55

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
 That is not paid with moan ;
 For we are born in other's pain,
 And perish in our own.

60

F. Thompson.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England,
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows ! 10
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower—
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower. 20

R. Browning.

CCCL

WEATHERS

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,
 And so do I ;
 When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
 And nestlings fly :
 And the little brown nightingale bills his best, 5
 And they sit outside at " The Travellers' Rest,"
 And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
 And citizens dream of the south and west,
 And so do I.

THIS is the weather the shepherd shuns, 10
 And so do I ;
 When beeches drip in browns and duns,
 And thresh, and ply ;
 And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
 And meadow rivulets overflow, 15
 And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
 And rooks in families homeward go,
 And so do I.

T. Hardy.

CCCLI

SUMMER EVENING

THE frog half-fearful jumps across the path,
 And little mouse that leaves its hole at eve
 Nimbles with timid dread beneath the swath ;
 My rustling steps awhile their joys deceive,
 Till past,—and then the cricket sings more strong, 5
 And grasshoppers in merry mood still wear
 The short night weary with their fretting song.
 Up from behind the molehill jumps the hare,

Cheat of his chosen bed, and from the bank
 The yellowhammer flutters in short fears 10
 From off its nest hid in the grasses rank,
 And drops again when no more noise it hears.
 Thus nature's human link and endless thrall,
 Proud man, still seems the enemy of all.

J. Clare.

A GARDEN BY THE SEA

I KNOW a little garden-close,
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy morn to dewy night,
 And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
 And though no pillared house is there,
 And though the apple-boughs are bare
 Of fruit and blossom, would to God
 Her feet upon the green grass trod, 10
 And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,
 And in the close two fair streams are,
 Drawn from the purple hills afar,
 Drawn down unto the restless sea : 15
 Dark hills whose heath-bloom feeds no bee,
 Dark shore no ship has ever seen,
 Tormented by the billows green
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly
 Unto the place for which I cry. 20
 For which I cry both day and night,
 For which I let slip all delight,

Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,
 Careless to win, unskilled to find,
 And quick to lose what all men seek. 25
 Yet tottering as I am and weak,
 Still have I left a little breath
 To seek within the jaws of death
 An entrance to that happy place,
 To seek the unforgotten face, 30
 Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
 Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

W. Morris.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made :
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping
 slow, 5
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
 sings ;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ; 10
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats.

15

CCCLIV

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
 To those first feelings that were born with me,
 And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
 For idle dreams of things which cannot be ;

To-day, I will not seek the shadowy region ; 5
 Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear ;
 And visions rising, legion after legion,
 Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
 And not in paths of high morality, 10
 And not among the half-distinguished faces,
 The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading :
 It vexes me to choose another guide :
 Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding ; 15
 Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing ?
 More glory and more grief than I can tell :
 The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling
 Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell. 20
E. Brontë.

16

NIGHTINGALES

CCCLV

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye come,
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
 Ye learn your song :
 Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air 5
 Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
 A throe of the heart,
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound, 10
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
 For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
 We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,
 As night is withdrawn 15
 From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
 Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
 Welcome the dawn.

R. Bridges.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20
Lord Tennyson.

LAMENT FOR VANISHED BEAUTY

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
 Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,
 Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes
 From out her hair ; such balsam falls 5
 Down seaside mountain pedestals,
 From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,
 Spent with the vast and howling main,
 To treasure half their island-gain.

 And strew faint sweetness from some old
 Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud 10
 Which breaks to dust when once unrolled ;
 Or shredded perfume, like a cloud
 From closet long to quiet vowed,
 With moth'd and dropping arras hung,
 Mouldering her lute and books among, 15
 As when a queen, long dead, was young.
R. Browning.

THEY say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,
 And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean— 10
Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

E. FitzGerald.

THE PHOENIX

O BLEST unfabled Incense Tree,
That burns in glorious Araby,
With red scent chalicing the air,
Till earth-life grow Elvian there !

5

Half buried to her flaming breast
In this bright tree, she makes her nest,
Hundred-sunned Phoenix ! when she must
Crumble at length to hoary dust !

Her gorgeous death-bed ! her rich pyre
Burnt up with aromatic fire ! 10
Her urn, sight-high from spoiler men !
Her birthplace when self-born again !

The mountainless green wilds among,
Here ends she her unechoing song !
With amber tears and odorous sighs
Mourned by the desert where she dies !

G. Darley.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd 20
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ? 25
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,

Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers ' 'Tis the fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot : 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two :

She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
' I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, 75
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field 80
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily 85
As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.

- The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot. 95
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.
- His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river 105
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.
- She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room, 110
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ; 115
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

- In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,

And round about the prow she wrote 125
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance 130
Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot : 140
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide 150
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery, 155
A gleaming shape she floated by,

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were
afraid,

For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker
of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not a few of
ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter and
strong :

And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as a
desolate pool, 15

And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry
thundered along :

For the coward was drowned with the brave when our battle
sheered up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God in
our song.

J. E. Flecker.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous 5
Is half assuaged for Itylus,

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers, "
Maiden most perfect, lady of light, 10

With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might :

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet ;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers, 15
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling ?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring ! 20
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over, 25
 And all the season of snows and sins ;
The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins :
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten, 30
And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes 35
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root. 40

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid ;

And soft as lips that laugh and hide 45
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes ; 50
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare 55
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

A. C. Swinburne.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

SHY as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
 Swift as the swallow along the river's light
 Circleting the surface to meet his mirror'd winglets,
 Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
 Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops, 5
 Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
 She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
 Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won !

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her hair, 10
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
 More love should I have, and much less care.
 When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded, 15
 I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder :
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon. 20
 Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
 Even as in a dance ; and her smile can heal no less :
 Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with
 hailstones
 Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions, 25
 Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
 Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
 Brave in her shape, and sweeter unpossess'd.
 Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking .
 Whisper'd the world was ; morning light is she. 30
 Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless ;
 Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.
G. Meredith.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot :
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit ;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell 5
 That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes ; 10
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes.

Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys ;
 Because the birthday of my life 15
 Is come, my love is come to me.
C. G. Rossetti.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

COME into the garden, Maud.
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, 5
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky, 10
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon ;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd 15
 To the dancers dancing in tune ;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, ' There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay. 20
 When will the dancers leave her alone ?
 She is weary of dance and play.'
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day ;

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate. 60
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ' ;
And the white rose weeps, ' She is late ' ;
The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ' ; 65
And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ; 70
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Lord Tennyson.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake :
I listened with heart fit to break. 5
When glided in Porphyria ; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;
Which done, she rose, and from her form 10

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied, 15
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair, 20
Murmuring how she loved me—she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever. 25
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain :
So, she was come through wind and rain, 30
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud ; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me ; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do. 35
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good : I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around, 40
And strangled her. No pain felt she ;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds the bee,
I warily oped her lids : again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain. 45
And I untightened next the tress

About her neck ; her cheek once more
 Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :
 I propped her head up as before,
 Only, this time my shoulder bore 50
 Her head, which droops upon it still :
 The smiling rosy little head,
 So glad it has its utmost will,
 That all it scorned at once is fled.
 And I, its love, am gained instead ! 55
 Porphyria's love : she guessed not how
 Her darling one wish would be heard.
 And thus we sit together now,
 And all night long we have not stirred,
 And yet God has not said a word ! 60

R. Browning.

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CCCLXX

THE LABORATORY : *ANCIEN RÉGIME*

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee ?

He is with her, and they know that I know 5
 Where they are, what they do : they believe my tears flow
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them !—I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
 Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste ! 10
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things
 Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum ?
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come !

And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue, 15
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too ?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures !
To carry pure death in an ear-ring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket ! 20

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live !
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead !

Quick—is it finished ? The colour's too grim ! 25
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim ?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer !

What a drop ! She's not little, no minion like me !
That's why she ensnares him : this never will free 30
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, ' No ! '
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one half-minute fixed, she would fall 35
Shrivelled ; she fell not ; yet this does it all !

Not that I bid you spare her the pain ;
Let death be felt and the proof remain ;
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying face ! 40

Is it done ? Take my mask off ! Nay, be not morose ;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close :
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee !
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me ?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill, 45
 You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth, if you will !
 But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
 Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's !
R. Browning.

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
 The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
 And in the sweetest passage of a song.
 Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng 5
 This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright ;
 But it must never, never come in sight ;
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
 But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep, 10
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
 Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.
A. Meynell.

WE were not made for refuges of lies :
 And false embattled bulwarks will not screen us :
 We mocked the careful shieldings of the wise,
 And only utter truth can be between us.
 Long suns and moons have wrought this day at length, 5
 The heavens in naked majesty have told thee.
 To see me as I am have thou the strength ;
 And, even as thou art, I dare behold thee.
M. E. Coleridge.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be— 5
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness !
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame, 10
 Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two 15
 With life or death in the balance : right !
The blood replenished me again ;
My last thought was at least not vain :
I, and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride, 20
So, one day more am I deified.
 Who knows but the world may end to-night ?

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's 25
And moon's and evening-star's at once—
 And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near, 30

Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—
 Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !
 Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
 Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll 35
 Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
 Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry ?
 Had I said that, had I done this,
 So might I gain, so might I miss. 40
 Might she have loved me ? just as well
 She might have hated, who can tell !
 Where had I been now if the worst befell ?
 And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds ? 45
 Why, all men strive and who succeeds ?
 We rode ; it seemed my spirit flew,
 Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.
 I thought,—All labour, yet no less 50
 Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
 Look at the end of work, contrast
 The petty done, the undone vast,
 This present of theirs with the hopeful past !
 I hoped she would love me ; here we ride. 55

What hand and brain went ever paired ?
 What heart alike conceived and dared ?
 What act proved all its thought had been ?
 What will but felt the fleshly screen ?

We ride and I see her bosom heave. 60
 There's many a crown for who can reach.
 Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !
 The flag stuck on a heap of bones,

A soldier's doing ! what atones ?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones. 65
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet ? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only ; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best, 70

And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
'Tis something, nay 'tis much : but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men ?
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
Nearer one whit your own sublime 75
Than we who never have turned a rhyme ?
Sing, riding's a joy ! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn 80
To yonder girl that fords the burn !

You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?
What, man of music, you grown grey
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend, 85
' Greatly his opera strains intend,
But in music we know how fashions end !'
I gave my youth ; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us ? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate 90
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,

Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul, 95
Could I descry such ? Try and test !

I sink back shuddering from the quest.
 'Earth being so good, would heaven seem best ?
 Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long ! 100

And what if heaven be that, fair and strong

At life's best, with our eyes upturned

Whither life's flower is first discerned,

We, fixed so, ever should so abide ?

What if we ride still on, we two 105

With life for ever old yet new,

Changed not in kind but in degree,

The instant made eternity,—

And heaven just prove that I and she

Ride, ride together, for ever ride ? 110

R. Browning.

A FAREWELL

THERE lived a singer in France of old

By the tideless dolorous midland sea.

In a land of sand and ruin and gold

There shone one woman, and none but she.

And finding life for her love's sake fail, 5

Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,

Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,

And praised God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace :

For she bowed down to him weeping, and said 10

'Live' ; and her tears were shed on his face .

Or ever the life in his face was shed.

The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung

Once, and her close lips touched him and clung

- Once, and grew one with his lips for a space ; 15
And so drew back, and the man was dead.
- O brother, the gods were good to you.
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through ;
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures ; 20
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.
- Rest, and be glad of the gods ; but I, 25
How shall I praise them, or how take rest ?
There is not room under all the sky
For me that know not of worst or best,
Dream or desire of the days before,
Sweet things or bitterness, any more. 30
Love will not come to me now though I die,
As love came close to you, breast to breast.
- I shall never be friends again with roses ;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes, 35
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire :
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes ;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long. 40
- The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder.
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up 45
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—
These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard
 Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife ; 50
 Love that sings and hath wings as a bird.
 Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.
 Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep
 Than overwatching of eyes that weep,
 Now time has done with his one sweet word, 55
 The wine and leaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
 Fill the days of my daily breath
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,
 Do as the world doth, say as it saith ; 60
 But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure
 To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given 65
 All that life gives and the years let go,
 The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,
 The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low ?
 Come life, come death, not a word be said ;
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead ? 70
 I never shall tell you on earth ; and in heaven,
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or know ?

A. C. Swinburne.

LOVESIGHT

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one ?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnise
 The worship of that Love through thee made known ?

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone), 5
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee, 10
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
 How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

D. G. Rossetti.

THE WAYS OF LOVE

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's 5
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. Browning.

THE OBLATION

Ask nothing more of me, sweet ;
 All I can give you I give.
 Heart of my heart, were it more,
 More would be laid at your feet :
 Love that should help you to live, 5
 Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give
 Once to have sense of you more,
 Touch you and taste of you, sweet.
 Think you and breathe you and live, 10
 Swept of your wings as they soar,
 Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more
 Give you but love of you, sweet :
 He that hath more, let him give ; 15
 He that hath wings, let him soar ;
 Mine is the heart at your feet
 Here, that must love you to live.

A. C. Swinburne.

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I WONDER do you feel to-day
 As I have felt since, hand in hand,
 We sat down on the grass, to stray
 In spirit better through the land,
 This morn of Rome and May ? 5

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go. 10

Help me to hold it ! First it left
The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
Some old tomb's ruin : yonder weed
Took up the floating weft, 15

Where one small orange cup amassed
Five beetles,—blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal : and last,
Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast ! 20

The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere !
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease. 25

Such life here, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting nature have her way
While heaven looks from its towers ! 30

How say you ? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above !
How is it under our control
To love or not to love ? 35

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more.

Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free !

Where does the fault lie ? What the core
O' the wound, since wound must be ? 40

I would I could adopt your will,

See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill

At your soul's springs,—your part my part
In life, for good and ill. 45

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,

Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth—I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak—
Then the good minute goes. 50

Already how am I so far

Out of that minute ? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star ? 55

Just when I seemed about to learn !

Where is the thread now ? Off again ?
The old trick ! Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn. 60

R. Browning.

O LET me be in loving nice,
Dainty, fine, and o'er-precise,
That I may charm my charmed dear
As though I felt a secret fear

To lose what never can be lost,— 5
 Her faith who still delights me most !
 So shall I be more than true,
 Ever in my ageing new ;
 So dull habit shall not be
 Wrongly called Fidelity. 10

M. E. Coleridge.

FAME AND FRIENDSHIP

FAME is a food that dead men eat,—
 I have no stomach for such meat.
 In little light and narrow room,
 They eat it in the silent tomb,
 With no kind voice of comrade near 5
 To bid the feaster be of cheer.

But friendship is a nobler thing,—
 Of Friendship it is good to sing.
 For truly, when a man shall end,
 He lives in memory of his friend, 10
 Who doth his better part recall
 And of his fault make funeral.

A. Dobson.

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim :
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.

R. Browning.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze, 5
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged, 10
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed, 15
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true. 20

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, 25
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

A. H. Clough.

Poet of the poet-satyr 15
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea ; 20

Thou that seest Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind ;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind :

Light among the vanish'd ages ; 25
star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome— 30
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island 35
sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man. 40

Lord Tennyson.

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

- Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill ;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes !
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head. 5
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest ! 10
- Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use— 15
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day. 20
- Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sundown, shepherd ! will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep ; 25
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade ;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers. 30

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again !
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain.
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door, 35
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood.
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more. 40

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst' he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired ;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired 45
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
' And I,' he said, ' the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart ;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.' 50

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey, 55
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm'ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering, 60

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer ! on thy trace ;

And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ; 65
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats. 70

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet, 75
As the punt's rope chops round ;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream. 80

And then they land, and thou art seen no more !—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way. 85
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none hath words she can report of thee. 90

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher'pass, 95
Have often pass'd thee near

Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown ;
 Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
 Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
 But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone ! 100

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
 Where at her open door the housewife darns,
 Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
 To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
 Children, who early range these slopes and late 105
 For cresses from the rills,
 Have known thee eyeing, all an April-day,
 The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;
 And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
 Through the long dewy grass move slow away. 110

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
 Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
 Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
 With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
 Above the forest-ground called Thessaly— 115
 The blackbird, picking food,
 Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;
 So often has he known thee past him stray,
 Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
 And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall. 120

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
 Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
 Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,
 Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
 Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge ? 125
 And thou hast climbed the hill,
 And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range ;
 Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
 The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
 Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange. 130

- But what—I dream ! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe ; 135
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade. 140
- No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours !
For what wears out the life of mortal men ?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls ;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again.
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls 145
And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been. 150
- Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish so ?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead !
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire !
The generations of thy peers^{are} fled, 155
And we ourselves shall go ;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas ! have not. 160
- For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,

Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
brings.

O life unlike to ours ! 166

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half-lives a hundred different lives ;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope. 170

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven ! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd ; 175
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah ! do not we, wanderer ! await it too ? 180

Yes, we await it !—but it still delays,
And then we suffer ! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
And all his store of sad experience he 185
Lays bare of wretched days :
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes. 190

This for our wisest ! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear ;
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair— 195
But none has hope like thine !

Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away. 200

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife— 205
Fly hence, our contact fear !
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude ! 210

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue, 215
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales ! 220

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest. 225
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours. 230

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
 —As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow 235
 Among the Ægean isles ;
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green, bursting figs, and tunnies' steep'd in brine—
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home, 240

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail ;
 And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily, 245
 To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of
 foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales. 250

M. Arnold.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ; 10
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
 Will never come back to me.

Lord Tennyson.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one ;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes, 5
 And the heart but one ;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

F. W. Bourdillon.

ROSE AYLMER

AH, what avails the sceptred race !
 Ah, what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes 5
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

W. S. Landor.

THE NEW HOUSE

Now first, as I shut the door,
 I was alone
 In the new house ; and the wind
 Began to moan.

Old at once was the house, 5
 And I was old ;
 My ears were teased with the dread
 Of what was foretold ;

Nights of storm, days of mist, without end ;
 Sad days when the sun 10
 Shone in vain : old griefs and griefs
 Not yet begun.

All was foretold me ; naught
 Could I foresee ;
 But I learnt how the wind would sound 15
 After these things should be.

E. Thomas.

SILENCE

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound ;
 There is a silence where no sound may be ;
 In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in wide desert, where no life is found, '
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound. 5
 No voice is hushed, no life treads silently ;
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground.

But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been, 10
 Though the dun ox, or wild hyaena, calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

T. Hood.

WRITTEN IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY
 ASYLUM

I AM ! yet what I am, who cares or knows ?
 My friends forsake me, like a memory lost.
 I am the self-consumer of my woes ;
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost. 5
 And yet I am,—I live,—though I am tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,

Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem 10
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange, nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where never man has trod,
 For scenes where woman never smiled nor wept,
 There to abide with my creator, God, 15
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me die—
 The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky.

J. Clare.

GRIEF

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless ;
 That only men incredulous of despair
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access 5
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
 In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death :
 Most like a monumental statue set 10
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet ;
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

E. B. Browning.

O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES

O, DREAMY, gloomy, friendly Trees,
 I came along your narrow track
 To bring my gifts unto your knees
 And gifts did you give back ;
 For when I brought this heart that burns— 5
 These thoughts that bitterly repine—
 And laid them here among the ferns
 And the hum of boughs divine,
 Ye, vastest breathers of the air,
 Shook down with slow and mighty poise 10
 Your coolness on the human care,
 Your wonder on its toys,
 Your greenness on the heart's despair,
 Your darkness on its noise. *H. F. Trench.*

'DE GUSTIBUS——'

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
 (If our loves remain)
 In an English lane,
 By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice— 5
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Making love, say—
 The happier they !
 Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
 And let them pass, as they will too soon, 10
 With the bean-flowers' boon,
 And the blackbird's tune,
 And May, and June !

What I love best in all the world
 Is a castle, precipice-encurled, 15
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
 (If I get my head from out the mouth
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's band:
 And come again to the land of lands)— 20
 In a sea-side house to the farther south,
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth.
 And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
 By the many hundred years red-rusted,
 Rough iron-spiked. ripe fruit-o'er-crusted, 25
 My sentinel to guard the sands
 To the water's edge. For what expands
 Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break ?
 While, in the house, for ever crumbles 30
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
 A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
 And says there's news to-day—the King 35
 Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling :
 —She hopes they have not caught the felons.
 Italy, my Italy !
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me— 40
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her, Calais)—
 Open my heart, and you will see
 Graved inside of it, ' Italy.'
 Such lovers old are I and she : 45
 So it always was, so shall ever be !

R. Browning.

THE WOODCUTTER'S NIGHT SONG

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home, 5
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till morrow-morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain, 10
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out 15
Every now-and-then for me.

So fare ye well ! and hold your tongues, .
Sing no more until I come ;
They're not worthy of your songs
That never care to drop a crumb. 20

All day long I love the oaks,
But, at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there, 25
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my faggot down I fling, 30
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done, 35
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till morrow-morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there ! 40

J. Clare.

LONDON SNOW

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :
Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.
All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness ;
The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air ;

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze 20
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
' O look at the trees ! ' they cried, ' O look at the trees ! '

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder, 25
Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day. 30

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow ;
And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go ;

But even for them awhile no cares encumber
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken, 35
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they
have broken.

R. Bridges.

THE LADY POVERTY

THE Lady Poverty was fair :
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah slattern ! she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes ; she keeps no state 5
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—
She scolds in parlours, dusts and trims,

Watches and counts. Oh, is this she 10
 Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
 Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
 In Umbria walked with Chastity :

Where is her ladyhood ? Not here,
 Not among modern kinds of men ;
 But in the stony fields, where clear 15
 Through the thin trees the skies appear.
 In delicate spare soil and fen.
 And slender landscape and austere.

A. Meynell.

THE VAGABOND

GIVE to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the by-way nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see— 5
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me ; 10
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me ;
 All I seek, the heaven above 15
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,

Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger. 20
 White as meal the frosty field—
 Warm the fireside haven—
 Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even !

Let the blow fall soon or late, 25
 Let what will be o'er me ;
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Not a friend to know me. 30
 All I ask, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.

R. L. Stevenson.

THE SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

We swing ungirded hips,
 And lightened are our eyes,
 The rain is on our lips,
 We do not run for prize.
 We know not whom we trust 5
 Nor whitherward we fare,
 But we run because we must
 Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
 Are troubled as by storm. 10
 The tempest strips the trees
 And does not leave them warm.
 Does the tearing tempest pause ?
 Do the tree-tops ask it why ?

So we run without a cause 15
 'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
 We do not run for prize.
 But the storm the water whips
 And the wave howls to the skies. 20
 The winds arise and strike it
 And scatter it like sand,
 And we run because we like it
 Through the broad bright land.

C. H. Sorley.

CARGOES

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir
 Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
 With a cargo of ivory
 And apes and peacocks,
 Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine. 5

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
 Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-grove shores,
 With a cargo of diamonds,
 Emeralds, amethysts,
 Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores. 10

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
 Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
 With a cargo of Tyne coal,
 Road-rails, pig-lead,
 Fire-wood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays. 15

J. Masefield.

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ; 5
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled 10
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold ?
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen, 15
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same 20
(Fished up beyond Aeaea, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore, 25
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows—who knows ?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose, 30
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

J. E. Flecker.

INVERRNAID

THIS darksome burn, horseback brown.
 His rollrock highroad roaring down.
 In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
 Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth 5
 Turns and twindles over the broth
 Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,
 It rounds and'rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
 Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through.
 Wiry heathpacks, fitches of fern. 11
 And the beadbony ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
 Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
 O let them be left, wildness and wet; 15
 Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

G. M. Hopkins.

A RUNNABLE STAG

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
 And apples began to be golden-skinn'd,
 We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,
 And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind,
 We feather'd his trail up-wind— 5
 A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
 A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
 Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
 A stag, a runnable stag.

- Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap, 10
And 'Forwards' we heard the harbourer shout ;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antler'd out
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag, 15
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.
- So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ; 20
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop, 25
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.
- It was Bell-of-the North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn,
'Tally ho ! tally ho !' and the hunt was up, 30
The tufters whipp'd and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last.
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame, 35
A stag, a runnable stag.
- 'Let your gelding be : if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt ;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt, 40
Accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,

Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag.' 45

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead— 50
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;
His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof.
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more. 55
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag, 60
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep, 65
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed, 70
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he open'd his nostrils wide again,
And he toss'd his branching antlers high 75
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,

- As he raced down the echoing glen—
 For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
 For twenty miles, and five and five,
 Not to be caught now, dead or alive, 80
 The stag, the runnable stag.
- Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
 Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
 Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
 Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea, 85
 Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
 The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
 That slept at last in a jewell'd bed
 Under the sheltering ocean spread,
 The stag, the runnable stag. 90
- J. Davidson.*

SUSSEX

- God gave all men all earth to love,
 But since our hearts are small,
 Ordained for each one spot should prove
 Beloved over all ;
 That, as He watched Creation's birth, 5
 So we, in god-like mood,
 May of our love create our earth
 And see that it is good.
- So one shall Baltic pines content,
 As one some Surrey glade, 10
 Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
 Before Levuka's trade.
 Each to his choice, and I rejoice
 The lot has fallen to me

BOOK FIFTH

87

In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea ! 15

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn— 20
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge, 25
Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword ? 30
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest 35
The Channel's leaden line ;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach. 40

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales —
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells 45
Which way the season flies—

Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
The tinkling silence thrills ; 50
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills ;
But here the Old Gods guard their round,
And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found 55
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,
With equal soul I'd see
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
Yet none more fair than she. 60
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun 65
Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
Looks naked towards the shires ;
And east till doubling Rother crawls
To find the fickle tide, 70
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold 75
No more than 'Sussex weed' ;
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
Begilded dolphin veers,

And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse
Lie down our Sussex steers. 80

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought, 85
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small, 90
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.*

*Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground— 95
Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

R. Kipling.

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships, 5
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw it long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?) 10

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven, 15
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd them long
 ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe. 20
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plyin' and the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long
 ago !

Sir H. Newbolt.

THE REVENGE

A Ballad of the Fleet.

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
 away :
 'Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three !'
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : 'Fore God I am no
 coward ;
 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear, 5
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
 We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ?'

2

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no
coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore. 10
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

3

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land 15
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
Spain, 20
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

4

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?' 25
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

5

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen, 35

And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

6

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and
laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred
tons, 40

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of
guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

7

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a
cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud, 45

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

8

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went 50

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

9

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame. 60
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before ?

10

For he said ' Fight on ! fight on ! '
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone, 65
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said ' Fight on ! fight on ! '

11

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the
summer sea, 70
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a
ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still
could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we, 75
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all
of it spent ; 80
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
' We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men ! 85
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain ! ' 90

12

And the gunner said, ' Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply :
' We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.' 95
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

13

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried : 100

‘ I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do ;

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die ! ’

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

14

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap 106

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,

And they mann’d the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew, 110

And away she sail’d with her loss and long’d for her own ;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin’d awoke from
sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
grew, 115

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and
their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy
of Spain,

And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Lord Tennyson.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of
achievement,

And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the
victories of England,
Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a funeral
at midnight, 5

When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt
beneath the torchlight
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral
triumphant,

And fain to rest him after all his pain ; 10
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever unforgotten,
He prayed to see the western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the coming of the
daybreak,

Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown of
warfare, 15
And life of all its longings kept but one.

' Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in beside
the hedgerows,

And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human in
the twilight,
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon. 20

‘ Only to look once more on the land of the memories of childhood,
 Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :
 Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the moorland,
 And sleep at last among the fields of home ! ’

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was ebbing faster, 25
 The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;
 Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along the coast-line,
 And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves down beside the water,
 The town, the Hoe, the masts with sunset fired— 30
 Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart faltered on the threshold,
 And darkness took the land his soul desired.

Sir H. Newbolt.

THE SOLDIER

IF I should die, think only this of me :
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ; 5
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly, 15
 But westward, look, the land is bright !

A. H. Clough.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

ONLY a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame 5
 From the heaps of couch-grass ;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by : 10
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

T. Hardy.

THE OLD STOIC

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
 And Love I laugh to scorn ;
 And lust of fame was but a dream
 That vanished with the morn :

And if I pray, the only prayer 5
 That moves my lips for me
 Is, ' Leave the heart that now I bear,
 And give me liberty ! '

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
 'Tis all that I implore ; 10
 In life and death a chainless soul,
 With courage to endure.

E. Brontë.

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES
 AT CHARING CROSS

SOMBRE and rich, the skies ;
 Great glooms, and starry plains.
 Gently the night wind sighs ;
 Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings 5
 Around me : and around
 The saddest of all kings
 Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm he rides 10
 Hard by his own Whitehall :

Only the night wind glides :
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court ; and yet,
The stars his courtiers are :
Stars in their stations set ; 15
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king ;
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing. 20

Which are more full of fate :
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?
Which are more still and great :
Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn 25
In passionate tragedy :
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death
By beauty made amends : 30
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence ? Yea : 35
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom :
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom. 40

Our wearier spirit faints,
 Vexed in the world's employ :
 His soul was of the saints ;
 And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe ! 45
 Men hunger for thy grace :
 And through the night I go,
 Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps ;
 When all the cries are still : 50
 The stars and heavenly deeps
 Work out a perfect will.

L. Johnson.

AFTER AUGHRIM : IRELAND SPEAKS

SHE said, They gave me of their best,
 They lived, they gave their lives for me ;
 I tossed them to the howling waste,
 And flung them to the foaming sea.

She said, I never gave them aught, 5
 Not mine the power, if mine the will ;
 I let them starve, I let them bleed—
 They bled and starved, and loved me still.

She said, Ten times they fought for me,
 Ten times they strove with might and main, 10
 Ten times I saw them beaten down,
 Ten times they rose, and fought again.

She said, I stayed alone at home,
 A dreary woman, grey and cold ;

I never asked them how they fared,
Yet still they loved me as of old. 15

She said, I never called them sons,
I almost ceased to breathe their name,
Then caught it echoing down the wind,
Blown backwards from the lips of Fame. 20

She said, Not mine, not mine that fame.
Far over sea, far over land,
Cast forth like rubbish from my shores,
They won it yonder, sword in hand.

She said, God knows they owe me nought. 25
I tossed them to the foaming sea,
I tossed them to the howling waste,
Yet still their love comes home to me.

Hon. E. Lawless.

DARK ROSALEEN

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope, 5
Upon the ocean green ;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope, 10
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and thro' dales, Have I roam'd for your sake ; All yesterday I sail'd with sails On river and on lake. The Erne, at its highest flood, I dash'd across unseen. For there was lightning in my blood, My Dark Rosaleen ! My own Rosaleen ! O, there was lightning in my blood, Red lightning lighten'd thro' my blood, My Dark Rosaleen !	15
All day long, in unrest, To and fro do I move. The very soul within my breast Is wasted for you, love ! The heart in my bosom faints To think of you, my Queen, My life of life, my saint of saints, My Dark Rosaleen ! My own Rosaleen ! To hear your sweet and sad complaints, My life, my love, my saint of saints, My Dark Rosaleen !	25 30 35
Woe and pain, pain and woe, Are my lot, night and noon, To see your bright face clouded so, Like to the mournful moon. But yet will I rear your throne Again in golden sheen ; 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone, My Dark Rosaleen ! My own Rosaleen ! 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,	40 45

'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal : 50
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers, 55
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen ! 60

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Or, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills !
And one beamy smile from you 65
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
Would give me life and soul anew, 70
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen !

O, the Erne shall run red,
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread, 75
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,

Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My Dark Rosaleen ! 80
 My own Rosaleen !
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
J. C. Mangan.

THE SHRINE

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate
 Was opened by the hand of God ;
 It stands serene, inviolate,
 Though millions have its pavement trod ;
 As fresh, as when the first sunrise 5
 Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil
 Of common days, yet should there fall
 A single speck, a single soil
 Upon the whiteness of its wall, 10
 The angels' tears in tender rain
 Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,
 But, once within the enchanted door,
 The mists of time are backward rolled, 15
 And creeds and ages are no more ;
 But all the human-hearted meet
 In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter—all is simply fair,
 Nor incense-clouds, nor carven throne ; 20

But in the fragrant morning air
 A gentle lady sits alone ;
 My mother—ah ! whom should I see
 Within, save ever only thee ?

D. M. Dolben.

THE MORNING MOON

'Twas when the op'ning dawn was still,
 I took my lonely road, uphill,
 Toward the eastern sky, in gloom,
 Or touch'd with palest primrose bloom ;
 And there the moon, at morning break, 5
 Though yet unset, was gleaming weak,
 And fresh'ning air began to pass,
 All voiceless, over darksome grass,
 Before the sun
 Had yet begun 10
 To dazzle down the morning moon.

By Maycreech hillock lay the cows,
 Below the ash-trees' nodding boughs,
 And water fell, from block to block
 Of mossy stone, down Burncleeve rock, 15
 By poplar trees that stood, as slim
 'S a feather, by the stream's green brim ;
 And down about the mill, that stood
 Half darken'd off below the wood,
 The rambling brook, 20
 From nook to nook,
 Flow'd on below the morning moon.

At mother's house I made a stand,
 Where no one stirr'd with foot or hand :

No smoke above the chimney reek'd, 25
 No winch above the well-mouth creak'd ;
 No casement open'd out, to catch
 The air below the eaves of thatch ;
 Nor down before her cleanly floor
 Had open'd back her heavy door ; 30
 And there the catch,
 With fasten'd latch,
 Stood close, below the morning moon.

 And she, dear soul, so good and kind,
 Had holden long, in my young mind, 35
 Of holy thoughts, the highest place
 Of honour, for her love and grace.
 But now my wife, to heart and sight,
 May seem to shine a fuller light ;
 And as the sun may rise to view, 40
 To dim the moon, from pale to blue,
 My comely bride
 May seem to hide
 My mother, now my morning moon.

W. Barnes.

MOTHER AND SON

Now sleeps the land of houses,
 And dead night holds the street,
 And there thou liest, my baby,
 And sleepest soft and sweet ;
 My man is away for awhile, 5
 But safe and alone we lie,
 And none heareth thy breath but thy mother,
 And the moon looking down from the sky
 On the weary waste of the town,

As it looked on the grass-edged road 10
Still warm with yesterday's sun,
When I left my old abode ;
Hand in hand with my love,
That night of all nights in the year ;
When the river of love o'erflowed 15
And drowned all doubt and fear,
And we two were alone in the world,
And once if never again,
We knew of the secret of earth
And the tale of its labour and pain. 20

Lo amidst London I lift thee,
And how little and light thou art,
And thou without hope or fear
Thou fear and hope of my heart !
Lo there thy body beginning, 25
O son, and thy soul and thy life ;
But how will it be if thou livest,
And enterest into the strife,
And in love we dwell together
When the man is grown in thee, 30
When thy sweet speech I shall hearken,
And yet 'twixt thee and me
Shall rise that wall of distance,
That round each one doth grow,
And maketh it hard and bitter 35
Each other's thought to know ?
Now, therefore, while yet thou art little
And hast no thought of thine own,
I will tell thee a word of the world ;
Of the hope whence thou hast grown ; 40
Of the love that once begat thee,
Of the sorrow that hath made
Thy little heart of hunger,
And thy hands on my bosom laid.

Then mayst thou remember hereafter, 45
As whiles when people say
All this hath happened before
In the life of another day ;
So mayst thou dimly remember
This tale of thy mother's voice, 50
As oft in the calm of dawning
I have heard the birds rejoice,
As oft I have heard the storm-wind
Go moaning through the wood ;
And I knew that earth was speaking, 55
And the mother's voice was good.

Now, to thee alone will I tell it
That thy mother's body is fair
In the guise of the country maidens
Who play with the sun and the air ; 60
Who have stood in the row of the reapers
In the August afternoon,
Who have sat by the frozen water
In the high day of the moon,
When the lights of the Christmas feasting 65
Were dead in the house on the hill,
And the wild geese gone to the salt-marsh
Had left the winter still.
Yea, I am fair, my firstling ;
If thou couldst but remember me ! 70
The hair that thy small hand clutcheth
Is a goodly sight to see ;
I am true, but my face is a snare :
Soft and deep are my eyes,
And they seem for men's beguiling 75
Fulfilled with the dreams of the wise.
Kind are my lips, and they look
As though my soul had learned
Deep things I have never heard of.

My face and my hands are burned 80
By the lovely sun of the acres ;
Three months of London town
And thy birth-bed have bleached them indeed,
' But lo, where the edge of the gown '
(So said thy father) ' is parting 85
The wrist that is white as the curd
From the brown of the hand that I love,
Bright as the wing of a bird.'

Such is thy mother, O firstling,
Yet strong as the maidens of old, 90
Whose spears and whose swords were the warders
Of homestead, of field and of fold.
Oft were my feet on the highway.
Often they wearied the grass ;
From dusk unto dusk of the summer 95
Three times in a week would I pass
To the downs from the house on the river
Through the waves of the blossoming corn.
Fair then I lay down in the even,
And fresh I arose on the morn, 100
And scarce in the noon was I weary.
Ah, son, in the days of thy strife,
If thy soul could but harbour a dream
Of the blossom of my life !
It would be as the sunlit meadows 105
Beheld from a tossing sea,
And the soul should look on a vision
Of the peace that is to be.

Yet, yet the tears on my cheek !
And what is this doth move 110
My heart to thy heart, beloved,
Save the flood of yearning love ?

For fair and fierce is thy father,
And soft and strange are his eyes
That look on the days that shall be 115
With the hope of the brave and the wise.
It was many a day that we laughed,
As over the meadows we walked,
And many a day I hearkened
And the pictures came as he talked ; 120
It was many a day that we longed,
And we lingered late at eve
Ere speech from speech was sundered,
And my hand his hand could leave.
Then I wept when I was alone, 125
And I longed till the daylight came ;
And down the stairs I stole,
And there was our housekeeping dame
(No mother of me, the foundling)
Kindling the fire betimes 130
Ere the haymaking folk went forth
To the meadows down by the limes ;
All things I saw at a glance ;
The quickening fire-tongues leapt
Through the crackling heap of sticks, 135
And the sweet smoke up from it crept,
And close to the very hearth
The low sun flooded the floor,
And the cat and her kittens played
In the sun by the open door. 140
The garden was fair in the morning,
And there in the road he stood
Beyond the crimson daisies
And the bush of southernwood.
Then side by side together 145
Through the grey-walled place we went,
And O the fear-departed,
And the rest and sweet content !

Son, sorrow and wisdom he taught me,
And sore I grieved and learned 150
As we twain grew into one ;
And the heart within me burned
With the very hopes of his heart.
Ah, son, it is piteous,
But never again in my life 155
Shall I dare to speak to thee thus ;
So may these lonely words
About thee creep and cling,
These words of the lonely night
In the days of our wayfaring. 160
Many a child of woman
To-night is born in the town,
The desert of folly and wrong ;
And of what and whence are they grown ?
Many and many an one 165
Of wont and use is born ;
For a husband is taken to bed
As a hat or ribbon is worn.
Prudence begets her thousands ;
' Good is a housekeeper's life, 170
So shall I sell my body
That I may be matron and wife.'
' And I shall endure foul wedlock
And bear the children of need.'
Some are there born of hate, 175
Many the children of greed.
' I, I too can be wedded,
Though thou my love hast got.'
' I am fair and hard at heart,
And riches shall be my lot.' 180
And all these are the good and the happy,
On whom the world dawns fair.
O son, when wilt thou learn
Of those that are born of despair,

As the fabled mud of the Nile 185
That quickens under the sun
With a growth of creeping things,
Half dead when just begun ?
E'en such is the care of Nature
That man should never die, 190
Though she breed of the fools of the earth,
And the dregs of the city sty.
But thou, O son, O son,
Of very love wert born,
When our hope fulfilled bred hope, 195
And fear was a folly outworn.
On the love of the toil and the battle
All sorrow and grief we weighed,
We hoped and we were not ashamed,
We knew and we were not afraid. 200

Now waneth the night and the moon ;
Ah, son, it is piteous
That never again in my life
Shall I dare to speak to thee thus.
But sure from the wise and the simple 205
Shall the mighty come to birth ;
And fair were my fate, beloved,
If I be yet on the earth
When the world is awoken at last,
And from mouth to mouth they tell 210
Of thy love and thy deeds and thy valour,
And thy hope that nought can quell.

W. Morris.

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CCCCXIX

AIRLY BEACON

AIRLY Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
 Oh the pleasant sight to see
 Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
 While my love climbed up to me !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ; 5
 Oh the happy hours we lay
 Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
 Courting through the summer's day !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
 Oh the weary haunt for me, 10
 All alone on Airly Beacon,
 With his baby on my knee !

C. Kingsley.

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CCCCXX

THE TOYS

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him, and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd, 5
 His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
 From his late sobbing wet.

And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach, 15
 A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart. 21
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said :
 Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death, 25
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less 30
 Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 ' I will be sorry for their childishness.'

C. Patmore.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven ;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even ;
 She had three lilies in her hand, 5
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ; 10
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone 15
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
... Yet now, and in this place, 20
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn-fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house 25
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth 35
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,

Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

‘ When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I’ll take his hand and go with him 75
To the deep wells of light ;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God’s sight.

‘ We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod, 80
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

‘ We two will lie i’ the shadow of 85
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly. 90

‘ And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause, 95
Or some new thing to know.’

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say’st !
Yea, one wast thou with me,
That once of old. But shalt God lift
To endless unity 100
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

‘ We two,’ she said, ‘ will seek the groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names 105
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret and Rosalys.

‘ Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded ; 110
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robcs for them
 Who are just born, being dead

‘ He shall fear, haply, and be dumb. 115
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak ;
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak. 120

‘ Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered *hearts*
 Bowed with their aureoles :
 And angels meeting us shall sing 125
 To their citherns and citoles.

‘ There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me :—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love,—only to be, 130
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he.’

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—

‘ All this is when he comes.’ She ceased. 135
 The light thrilled towards her, fill’d
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smil’d.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres : 140
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

D. G. Rossetti.

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire
 At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong
 Can the earth do to us, that we should not long 5
 Be here contented ? Think. In mounting higher,
 The angels would press on us, and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, Beloved, where the unfit 10
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

E. B. Browning.

CORRELATED GREATNESS

O NOTHING, in this corporal earth of man,
 That to the imminent heaven of his high soul
 Responds with colour and with shadow, can
 Lack correlated greatness. If the scroll
 Where thoughts lie fast in spell of hieroglyph 5
 Be mighty through its mighty habitants ;
 If God be in His Name ; grave potency if
 The sounds unbind of hieratic chants ;
 All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm
 Nature is whole in her least things exprest, 10
 Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.
 Our towns are copied fragments from our breast ;
 And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
 The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

F. Thompson.

OMAR'S LAMENT

ALAS, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
 That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close !
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate conspire 5
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire ?

E. FitzGerald.

MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will ;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still ;
Your chilly stars I can forgo, 5
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above :
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love : 10
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires, 15
Unwearied voices, wordless strains :
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away ; 20
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

W. Cory.

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CCCCXXVI

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles, Miles and miles	
On the solitary pastures where our sheep Half-asleep	
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop As they crop—	5
Was the site once of a city great and gay, (So they say)	
Of our country's very capital, its prince Ages since	10
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far Peace or war.	
Now,—the country does not even boast a tree, As you see,	
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills From the hills	15
Intersect and give a name to (else they run Into one)	
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires Up like fires	20
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall Bounding all,	
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed, Twelve abreast.	
And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass Never was !	25
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads And embeds	
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone, Stock or stone—	30

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago ;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame ;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

35

Now,—the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored, 40
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks—
 Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced 45
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
 Smiles to leave 50
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey
 Melt away—
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair 55
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul .
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come. 60

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades.

- All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then, 65
 All the men !
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face, 70
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.
- In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high 75
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold, of course.
 Oh heart ! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns !
 Earth's returns 80
 For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin !
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest !
 Love is best.

R. Browning.

THE PAGAN WORLD

IN his cool hall, with haggard eyes
 The Roman noble lay ;
 He drove abroad, in furious guise,
 Along the Appian way.

- He made a feast, drank fierce and fast 5
 And crown'd his hair with flowers—
 No easier nor no quicker pass'd
 The impracticable hours.

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world. 10
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain ;
She let the legions thunder past, 15
And plunged in thought again.

So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit grey ;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day. 20

' Poor world,' she cried, ' so deep accurst,
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
Go, seek it in thy soul ! '

She heard it, the victorious West, 25
In crown and sword array'd !
She felt the void which mined her breast,
She shiver'd and obey'd.

She veil'd her eagles, snapp'd her sword,
And laid her sceptre down ; 30
Her stately purple she abhorr'd,
And her imperial crown.

She broke her flutes, she stopp'd her sports,
Her artists could not please ;
She tore her books, she shut her courts, 35
She fled her palaces ;

Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind,

And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find. 40

Tears wash'd the trouble from her face !
She changed into a child !
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smiled !

M. Arnold.

' YET between life and death are hours
To flush with love and hide in flowers ;
What profit save in these ? ' men cry :
' Ah, see, between soft earth and sky,
What only good things here are ours ! ' 5
They say, ' What better would'st thou try,
What sweeter sing of ? or what powers
Serve, that will give thee ere thou die
More joy to sing and be less sad,
More heart to play and grow more glad ? ' 10

Play then and sing ; we too have played,
We likewise, in that subtle shade.

We too have twisted through our hair
Such tendrils as the wild Loves wear,
And heard what mirth the Maenads made, 15
Till the wind blew our garlands bare
And left their roses disarrayed,

And smote the summer with strange air,
And disengirdled and discrowned
The limbs and locks that vine-wreaths bound. 20

We too have tracked by star-proof trees
The tempest of the Thyiades

And here by thee will hum the bee
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be, 15
For ever and for ever.

Lord Tennyson.

DREAM LAND

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmèd sleep :
Awake her not.
Led by a single star, 5
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn, 10
For twilight cold and lorn
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale 15
That sadly singe.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast ;
Her face is toward the west.
The purple land. 20

She cannot see the grain
 Ripening on hill and plain ;
 She cannot feel the rain
 Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore 25
 Upon a mossy shore ;
 Rest, rest at the heart's core
 Till time shall cease :
 Sleep that no pain shall wake ;
 Night that no morn shall break, 30
 Till joy shall overtake
 Her perfect peace.

C. G. Rossetti.

DEPARTURE

It was not like your great and gracious ways !
 Do you, that have nought other to lament,
 Never, my Love, repent
 Of how, that July afternoon,
 You went, 5
 With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
 And frighten'd eye,
 Upon your journey of so many days,
 Without a single kiss, or a good-bye ?
 I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon ; 10
 And so we sate, within the low sun's rays.
 You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,
 Your harrowing praise.
 Well, it was well,
 To hear you such things speak, 15
 And I could tell

What made your eyes a glowing gloom of love,
 As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.
 And it was like your great and gracious ways
 To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear, 20
 Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
 To let the laughter flash,
 Whilst I drew near,
 Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
 But all at once to leave me at the last, 25
 More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
 With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
 And frighten'd eye,
 And go your journey of all days
 With not one kiss, or a good-bye, 30
 And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd :
 'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

C. Patmore.

REMEMBRANCE

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
 Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave !
 Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
 Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover 5
 Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
 Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
 Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
 From those brown hills, have melted into spring : 10
 Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
 After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
 While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
 Other desires and other hopes beset me, 15
 Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lighted up my heaven,
 No second morn has ever shone for me ;
 All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
 All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee. 20

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
 And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
 Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
 Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion— 25
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ; 30
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
 How could I seek the empty world again ?

E. Brontë.

NOVEMBER

THE feathers of the willow
 Are half of them grown yellow
 Above the swelling stream ;
 And ragged are the bushes,
 And rusty now the rushes, 5
 And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow ;
The branches all are barer, 10
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now. *B. W. Dixon.*

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
 Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :
 To himself he talks ;
 For at eventide, listening earnestly,
 At his work you may hear him sob and sigh 5
 In the walks ;
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
 Of the mouldering flowers :
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ; 10
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death ; 15
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose. 20
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Lord Tennyson.

THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky 5
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant, 10
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth 15
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited ; 20
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings 25
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,

T. Hardy.

CCCCXXIX

WHAT is gold worth, say.
Worth for work or play.
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away,
 Hope about or fear ?
What is love worth, pray ?
 Worth a tear ?

Golden on the mould
Lie the dead leaves roll'd
Of the wet woods old, 10
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove ;
Gold is worth but gold ;
Love's worth love.

A. C. Swinburne.

CCCCXL

A WIND sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air ;
Still as the mosses that glow

On the flooring and over the lines 5
Of the roots here and there
The pine-tree drops its dead ;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race, 10
As the clouds the clouds chase ;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so. 15

G. Meredith.

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me : 5
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. Stevenson.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art :
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

W. S. Landor.

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
 Where crimson-blank the windows flare :
 By my own work, before the night,
 Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought, 5
 Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine ;
 Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
 I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
 Stands all Eternity's offence ; 10
 Of that I did with Thee to guide
 To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

The depth and dream of my desire,
 The bitter paths wherein I stray,
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire, 15
 Thou knowest who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
 Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
 Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade
 And manlike stand with God again ! 20

One stone the more swings into place
 In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
 It is enough that through Thy grace
 I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ; 25
 O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
 Help me to need no aid from men,
 That I may help such men as need !

R. Kipling.

REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew !
 In quiet she reposes ;
 Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required ; 5
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound. 10
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit 15
 The vasty hall of death.

M. Arnold.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark ! 10
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
When I have crost the bar.

Lord Tennyson.

PROSPICE

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained
And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all:
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

R. Browning.

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
 O world intangible, we touch thee,
 O world unknowable, we know thee,
 Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

 Does the fish soar to find the ocean, 5
 The eagle plunge to find the air—
 That we ask of the stars in motion
 If they have rumour of thee there ?

 Not where the wheeling systems darken,
 And our benumbed conceiving soars !— 10
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

 The angels keep their ancient places ;—
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces, 15
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

 But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
 Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss

Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross. 20

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames !

F. Thompson.

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CCCCXLVIII

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast, 5
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ; 10
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on 15
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears. 20

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death, 25
 Nor atom that his might could render void :
 Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
 And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

E. Brontë.

THE CHOICE

THINK thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
 Thou say'st : ' Man's measured path is all gone o'er :
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth ; and I, 5
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for.'
 How should this be ? Art thou then so much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby ?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me ; 10
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

D. G. Rossetti.

NOTES

SUMMARY OF BOOK FIFTH

THIS division embraces the whole of the Victorian era and a little more. The Victorian time was one of unparalleled material prosperity for England, and was above all things remarkable for the astonishing discoveries of science; yet it was a time also of abundant poetry. If not equal in splendour, or depth of inspiration, to the far briefer period just preceding; if it can show no name quite equal to the greatest names of the opening century; it is notable for the relatively large number of poets who attained high distinction. It is especially rich in lyrical poetry, though an increased range and complexity of subject-matter, matched by a great variety of metre, and a proneness in some poets to inordinate length, tend to make the lyric overflow its natural form. External circumstances fostered a certain complacency and conventional acquiescence; but prosperity proved but a faint motive to song, and in the more enduring expressions of the mind the note of inner disturbance and dissatisfaction is far more clearly heard. The sudden outstripping of current thought by science agitated and bewildered many spirits; religious doubt, indignation with the social results of the industrial revolution, a sense of dislocated relation between the mind and the universe, tinged and troubled the themes of verse. While some sought refuge in the remoteness of romance, and explored the forgotten riches of the Middle Ages, the primary human emotions—complicated in Browning by a delight in the casuistry of passion—continued, as ever, to provide the constant element of song. Never before had the sights and sounds of the English country so fondly permeated our poetry. The moods of the age are most completely expressed in its representative poet. Tennyson, who appears at his best in a selection limited to lyric. A new clearness of colour and pictorial effect in his early poems is developed more consciously by the mid-Victorian group sometimes called pre-Raphaelite. Swinburne added a splendour of swiftness to the movement of lyric verse, though at a cost which left him the victim of his own unexampled virtuosity. Finally we note the new eminence of women in poetry,

with the intellectual range of Mrs. Browning, the passionate sincerity of Emily Brontë; to name but these. L. B.

ABBREVIATIONS

A.V. = Authorised Version of Bible (1611), C.O.D. = *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, O.E.D. = (the large) *Oxford English Dictionary*, O.B.V. = *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Mr. Binyon's own notes to this book of the *Golden Treasury* are given in inverted commas and followed by the initial (B.). Poems in Book V. are referred to by their number in the volume, thus—No. 26; poems in other books of the *Golden Treasury* are referred to by their number in the complete edition of 1891 and subsequent reprints, preceded by the letters *G.T.*

METRE

A few of the classical names for metrical feet familiar to nearly all English poets are used in these notes for convenience; but their use does not imply that English verse (outside some rare experiments) is quantitative: syllables marked long (—) are stressed syllables, syllables marked short (∨) are unstressed.

1. *There is sweet music here that softer falls*

PALGRAVE'S *Golden Treasury* ended on the "dying fall" of Shelley's exquisite stanzas, "Music, when soft voices die"; Mr. Binyon's *Fifth Book* begins with soft music likewise—the drowsy murmurous sound of waters heard by the Lotos-eaters on the shore of the land "In which it seemed always afternoon."

In Homer's *Odyssey*, Bk. ix., Odysseus (Ulysses) and his companions come in their wanderings to the land of the Lotos-eaters, apparently on the African coast:

"But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now when we had tasted meat and drink I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eaters, and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I

led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will" (*Odyssey*, ix. 82 *et seq.*, translated by Butcher and Lang).

On this passage Tennyson based his poem of the *Lotos-Eaters*, which consists of five descriptive stanzas in the metre of the *Faerie Queene*, followed by the Choric Song here given. The whole poem is one of the finest of those classical studies in which Tennyson's art, by general consent, is consummate; and in the Choric Song the young poet—for the first version of the *Lotos-Eaters* appeared in the spring of 1833, when Tennyson was not yet twenty-four—rivalled Keats and Spenser in sensuous beauty and Shelley in sweetness of melody. There are touches in the poem directly reminiscent of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II. canto vi., and of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* (especially canto i., st. 3-6). In its doctrine it is far from representing Tennyson's deliberate philosophy of life: for that we should go rather to his noble poem of *Ulysses*. But the song of the Lotos-eaters gives perfect utterance to that mood of weariness into which we can all enter sympathetically, and for which poetry and music may sometimes helpfully find an outlet.

The *metre* is irregular—changing with the mood and emotion of the singers—in imitation of the choruses in a Greek tragedy and of those irregular odes wrongly called Pindaric in English poetry. Observe the speeding-up of the poem by the change from iambic to trochaic rhythm (ll. 105-125).

6. *tir'd* : T. explained that he printed the word thus "for fear that the readers might pronounce it *tired* when I wished them to read it *tierd*, prolonging as much as might be the diphthongic *i*, making the word neither monosyllabic nor disyllabic, but a dreamy child of the two."

16. *the first of things* : the chief of things; cp. l. 24.

23. *calm* : *ἀταραξία*, impassivity, the ideal of Epicurus. Cp. the Buddhist ideal, Nirvana.

39. *Hateful* : cp. Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 451, of the love-sick Dido, *Tædet caeli convexa tueri*, "'Tis a weariness to look on the vault of heaven," and Tennyson's own *Mariana*, "She could not look on the sweet heaven Either at morn or eventide."

50. *climbing* : the repetition enforces the idea of vain effort. T. may have recalled Virgil's *conscendi navibus aequor*, *Aen.* i. 381.

53. Rhythm and diction alike remind us of Despair's persuasive couplet in the *Faerie Queene*, i. ix. :

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please."

68. *urn of brass* : the Homeric Greeks burned their dead.

75. *the island princes* : the *Odyssey* tells how, in the long absence of Ulysses from Ithaca during the ten years' war in Troy and his

subsequent wanderings, the island princes consumed his substance and wooed his wife Penelope.

76. the minstrel : in *Odyssey* VIII. Demodocus, the minstrel at the court of Alcinous, moves Odysseus to tears by his song of the Trojan war; and in *Odyssey* XVII. Odysseus, entering his own hall in Ithaca in the disguise of a beggar, hears a minstrel singing to the suitors.

78. half-forgotten things : cp. Wordsworth (*G.T.* 298) :

“Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.”

88. amaranth : “the immortal flower of legend” (Tennyson).

moly : “the sacred herb of mystical power, used as a charm by Odysseus against Circe” (Tennyson).

97. acanthus : a plant with graceful leaves, whose shape suggested the ornamentation of the capitals of Corinthian columns.

108. with an equal mind : Lat. *aequo animo*, calmly, deliberately.

110. This is the Epicurean view of the gods, expressed by Lucretius in his great poem, *De Rerum Natura*. See Lucretius, v. 83 and vi. 58, *Nam bene qui didicere deos securum agere aevum*.

125. asphodel : Greek, a sort of lily—in Greek legend the immortal flower that grows in the fields of Elysium. ‘Daffodil’ is said to be derived from ‘asphodel.’

2. *The Gods are happy*

THE Epicurean view of the gods, put forth by the Lotos-eaters, finds further expression in this excerpt from an unrhymed lyric by Matthew Arnold. The speaker is a youth who has strayed into Circe's palace and drunk of the magical cup of the enchantress, against whose effects Ulysses has been protected by Hermes' gift of the herb moly. Speaking in a trance to Ulysses and Circe in the portico of the palace at eventide, the youth pictures the careless gods languidly enjoying the varied spectacle of human life, and contrasts with them the poets, who share this power of vision with the gods, but at a terrible cost, for such is their sympathy that they enter into all the pains of the human lot. The poem presents a series of finely-imagined Oriental vignettes, akin to those drawn in the same author's *Sohrab and Rustum* and *Sick King in Bokhara*; the vignettes in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* afford another literary parallel. In the background, never obtruded upon us, is the allegory—the poets “learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

Metre.—*The Strayed Reveller* was the title-poem of Arnold's first volume, published anonymously in 1849. It was his first

experiment in the unrhymed lyric metres by which he sought to reproduce in English the effects of Greek choruses. Like Collins's rhymeless *Ode to Evening* (*G.T.* 186) the poem leaves an impression of quiet beauty, but also perhaps of a *tour de force*. Prof. Saintsbury has pointed out that it contains not a few blank-verse lines disguised by being cut into two.

6. *Tiresias* : the blind soothsayer of ancient Thebes. According to the legend followed by Arnold, he was blinded by Hera (Juno) because in a dispute between her and Zeus he decided against her, and Zeus granted him in compensation the gift of prophecy and a life seven times as long as that of other men.

9. *Āsōpus* : a river of Boeotia. Thebes itself is on another river, the *Ismēnus*.

14. *Centaurs* : in Homer and Greek mythology a rude wild race living in the mountains of Thessaly, especially on Pelion. In Greek art of the fifth century B.C. they are represented as half-man, half-horse.

54. *Chorasmian stream* : the Oxus. It impressed Arnold's imagination ; read his description of it at the end of *Sokrab and Rustum*.

68. *milk-barr'd* : onyx-stones with white bars across them.

75. *Violet sea* : Homer's *ιοιδέα πόντον*, *Il.* xi. 298, etc.

99. *Lapithae* : Greek legend told of a combat between the Centaurs and the Lapithae, of whom Theseus was one, at the wedding of Peirithous. After the battle the Centaurs retired to Arcadia, where they came into conflict with Hercules (*Alcmena's son*) and were destroyed by him.

130. *Argo* : the first ship of fifty oars, built for Jason's expedition to Colchis to win the Golden Fleece.

132. *Silenus* : a primitive woodland-deity, represented in Greek and Roman art and poetry as a pot-bellied old man, with a skin of wine, always drunk, and led or supported by satyrs and fauns.

3. *What was he doing, the great god Pan*

THE theme of *The Strayed Reveller* again. The poet is a reed out of which the gods fashion a musical instrument, but Pan (the Pagan god of Nature) is heedless of the suffering through which the instrument is perfected.

Mrs. BROWNING, praised beyond measure by some of her contemporaries, has been unduly disparaged since. Though guilty of many artistic sins, she wrote some lyrics of great musical charm and some noble sonnets. This was one of her latest poems ; Prof. Saintsbury thinks it "perhaps her very best."

Metre.—Four accents in lines 1, 3, 4, 5, three accents in lines 2 and 6 of each stanza. The feet are mostly dactyls and trochees, but a fine effect is got by the monosyllabic feet in the first line of stanza 6.

4. *They have no song, the sedges dry*

REMARKABLE in its concentrated force and in the haunting effect of the repetitions which subtly convey the sound of wind murmuring in the sedges. The poet here deliberately rejects the "pathetic fallacy": the song is in man's heart, not in external nature. As Coleridge said:

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."

We may compare the fine description of the sound made by the dry heather-bells in autumn on "Egdon Heath," in Hardy's *Return of the Native*, Bk. I., ch. vi.

GEORGE MEREDITH is best known as a novelist, but the immortality of some of his verse is assured. "Concentration and suggestion," he told his friend Sir Sidney Colvin, "these are the things I care for and am always trying for in poetry."

5. *Under the arch of Life, where love and death*

IN the spirit of Michael Angelo's Sibyls, the heathen prophetesses who alternate with the Hebrew prophets in the Sistine Chapel, Rossetti conceives a prophetess of Beauty, bearing a palm in token of supremacy. With Rossetti the pursuit of beauty is a restless passion, very different from the serene joy that is reached in Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* ("Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, this is all Ye know on earth and all ye need to know") or his *Endymion* ("A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"), though even in Keats the joy is touched by sadness at the brevity of human life, and "in the very temple of Delight Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine" (*Ode on Melancholy*).

The sonnet was written to illustrate a painting of Rossetti's own. Walter Pater may have had it in mind when he wrote his famous prose rhapsody on the Monna Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci.

6. *Once more the Heavenly Power*

AN early poem of Tennyson's, though not published till 1884.

9. Jacob's ladder: cp. No. 108. Here the ladder suggests the rainbow of April showers, and then, more widely, the heavenly visitation of the earth by genial sunshine and rains.

17. The stars : Shelley writes of "The daisy-star that never sets" (*G.T.* 307); cp. also *G.T.* 315 and Wordsworth in *G.T.* 302. But Tennyson probably applies the term 'stars' here to anemones and other flowers that star the woods in spring.

31. "The poet, watching the new-born glories of the spring, finds memory and hope both awakened by the sight. He is held spell-bound for a time until the 'chuck-chuck' of the bird (possibly the sedge-warbler) from some laurel-bush or coppice arouses the poet also to utterance, and he, like the birds, breaks into thankfulness and joy" (Alfred Ainger).

37. The part that repetition of sound, with variation, plays in poetry was never more exquisitely expressed or illustrated than in this stanza.

7. *Well dost thou, Love, thy solemn Feast to hold*

ANOTHER poem of early spring. St. Valentine's Day is February 14th.

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-1896) achieved his best as a poet in his Odes, which, without direct imitation, finely recall such seventeenth-century poets as Vaughan and Crashaw, and showed the way to some of Francis Thompson's noblest utterances.

2. *vestal* : wearing a robe of virginal purity. Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 8) speaks of the "vestal livery" of the moon, and Keats (*Endymion*, I. 874) of "vestal primroses."

6. *prævernal* : coming before the spring.

37. *the sequester'd* : the over-refinement of Desire choosing deliberately to secure and yet abstain from the gratification which is within his power.

39. *cope* : the canopy of heaven.

46. *Avoids thee of* : makes thee empty of—the original meaning of the word : cp. *void*, empty.

48. *sharpness* : acridity, austerity.

51. Earth's heart is filled with aspirations after austerity, which will never take wing, but are like young birds that perish in the nest for lack of their parents.

8. *Young Love lies sleeping*

AN exquisite series of dream-pictures. Young Love's dream is always of perfection—perfect beauty, perfect music, perfect silence. Meanwhile the seasons—of human life as well as of the year—pass on their way, and the perfection is unrealised and unrealisable on earth : in ll. 37-40 there is a hint of a deeper fountain of beauty.

Metre.—Whether the scheme sets the rhyming words so far apart that the effect is lost is a question readers will settle for themselves; but any who take the trouble to become familiar with the poem will find the music growing upon them as they learn to expect the rhymes in the right place.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894), sister of D. G. Rossetti, was, with the exception of Mrs. Browning, the most considerable poetess of the nineteenth century, and far more perfect in her art, though she never reached the greatness of her contemporary's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

5. *White lambs* : dream-flocks, as in Alice Meynell's poem, *The Lady of the Lambs* (*O.B.V.* 880).

39. *the fountain* : cp. *St. John* iv. 10-14, and vii. 37-39.

48. *stately palms* : here symbolising the shady avenues of the great cities of earth. Kinglake and other travellers have spoken of the refreshment which they found, after journeying through the desert, in the shady groves that surround so many Eastern cities. In Vaughan's *Retreat* (*G.T.* 98) the "shady city of palm trees" is not to be found on earth but only in Paradise.

50. *poppied* : the poppy symbolises sleep and oblivion.

63. *a dove* : like the dove returning to the ark, *Genesis* viii. 9.

9. *Where the thistle lifts a purple crown*

ONE of the loveliest of modern lyrics, with echoes of Wordsworth in it, especially of the *Lucy* and the *Matthew* poems, but with an even greater poignancy, the utterance of a heart and life which never attained Wordsworth's serenity. In the last stanza the poet's ecstasy of delight in the realisation of perfect beauty and perfect innocence is drowned in the intolerable anguish of his feeling that the joy is no sooner given than it is snatched away.

FRANCIS THOMPSON was born in Preston 1859, the son of a doctor, went to the Roman Catholic college of Ushaw, near Durham, and afterwards to Owens College, Manchester, as a medical student. He never completed his course, and he had drifted into the direst poverty and ill-health in London, when he was rescued by Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, the kind friends to whom, and to whose children, he dedicated many poems. He died in hospital in 1907 at the age of 48. Of *Storrington* (st. 6) Wilfrid Meynell has finely said : "That beautiful Sussex village has now its fixed place on the map of English literature; for there it was that Francis Thompson discovered his possibilities as a poet."

14. *spine* : thorn.

10. *Oh, to be in England*

WRITTEN during Browning's first visit to Italy, 1838. He had left England in April, and he has a home-sickness for the delights he forfeited by going south. Though Browning's lyrics contain many descriptions of natural scenery, there are few which, like this, are concerned solely with external nature and its appeal to the emotions: nearly all are dramatic, expressing the effect of nature on a particular character or situation (cp. Nos. 30, 42). Even in *De Gustibus* (No. 55), which is more like *Home Thoughts* than most of his poems, a certain dramatic element is introduced by the contrast between two tastes.

Metre.—Notice the effect of the transition from the rapid trochees and anapaests in the first stanza to the slow iambics of its last line and the first line of the second stanza.

15-16. Few poets so great as Browning are remembered so little by 'single lines'; these two, however, have passed into the language and are used as often as familiar lines from Shakespeare or Milton.

11. *This is the weather the cuckoo likes*

THOUGH far more widely known as the author of the "Wessex Novels," THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928) wrote poetry even before he wrote prose fiction, and in later life definitely returned to his early love. His epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars, *The Dynasts*, was followed by several volumes of lyric and narrative verse.

There is a Shakespearian quality in this nature-lyric which recalls "When icicles hang by the wall" (*G.T.* 37), just as the conversations of Hardy's peasants in *Far from the Madding Crowd* recall Bottom and his fellow-weavers.

7. *sprig-muslin*: muslin ornamented with a pattern of sprigs or sprays of blossom.

8. *citizens dream*: Londoners dream of holidays on the south and south-west coasts of England.

13. *And thresh and ply*: the straining of the interlocked boughs recalls the machinery of the threshing-machine or weaving-shed.

14. *hill-hid tides*: though the sea is hidden behind the hill its moaning is audible.

18. Observe the skill with which the refrain is introduced appositely twice in each stanza.

12. *The frog half-fearful jumps across the path*

JOHN CLARE (1793-1864), the Northamptonshire peasant poet, inspired originally by the reading of Thomson's *Seasons*, obtained some recognition in his lifetime, and was for a while prosperous in a humble way, but sank into poverty, depression, and despair, and was for his last twenty years an inmate of Northampton Asylum.

The intense sympathy with the timid creatures of the woodland expressed in this sonnet is not common in poetry before the twentieth century. Cp. Mr. Arthur Symonds's *Amends to Nature* (*G.T. of Modern Lyrics*, 223); Mr. Ralph Hodgson's *Bells of Heaven*, and Mr. James Stephens's *The Snare* (*Poems of To-day*, Second Series).

3. Nimbles : as a verb, a dialect form.

4. deceive : mislead, give a false alarm to, for the poet has no hostile intent.

9. cheat : past participle, a dialect form.

13. Man binds all nature together by using it all, and perhaps by uniting it in hostility to himself; at the same time he cannot escape from his servitude to nature.

14. still : always.

13. *I know a little garden-close*

By the simple device of setting the chief pauses in the middle of the rhymed octosyllabic couplet instead of at the end Morris has given this familiar metre a character quite different from that which it wears in Scott, Wordsworth, or Byron. Other characteristics are (1) the simple but vivid epithets of colour, (2) the preference for Teutonic over Latin words. The version here given is from *Poems by the Way*; a slightly different version is in *The Life and Death of Jason*, bk. iv.

It is interesting to compare this "Garden by the Sea" with the scenery of *The Lotos-Eaters* and with the *Forsaken Garden* of another contemporary poet, A. C. Swinburne.

14. *I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree*

MR. W. B. YEATS, born in Dublin 1865, has largely found the inspiration for his romantic and beautiful poetry in Irish legends. His lake-island is doubtless somewhere in Ireland, but he may have disguised its name "lest inquisitive tourists hunt it and make it a lion and get it at last into guide-books"; for the Donegal island called Inishfree is not a lake-island. Perhaps

no lyric of our time has won wider and deeper appreciation than this. Its music reproduces exactly the delicious effect of lapping water, and it gives perfect expression to that yearning for the peace of Nature which often comes upon the weary dweller amid the harsh din of cities.

Metre.—Count accents, not syllables—six accents in each line, except the fourth of the stanza, which has only four. Note the slow movement of the last line of all, where three of the four stresses fall on the last three monosyllables.

15. *Often rebuked, yet always back returning*

EMILY BRONTË (1819-1848) is remembered for her powerful novel, *Wuthering Heights*, and a few very remarkable poems. Matthew Arnold wrote of her as one

“whose soul
Knew no fellow for might,
Passion, vehemence, grief,
Daring, since Byron died ;”

and Swinburne thought her a greater genius than her sister Charlotte.

Sir Edmund Gosse calls this poem Emily Brontë's “most characteristic utterance,” and says that the last two stanzas “contain in its quintessence the peculiar doctrine that it was her mission to preach.” The *genius loci*, the spirit of the moors above her native Haworth in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is finely expressed in lines 15-16.

5. the shadowy region : the realm of abstract thought. Cp. another poem by the same writer, *The Prisoner* (*G.T. of Modern Lyrics*, 51), and Keats in *G.T.* 243.

10. high morality : lofty Stoical ideals. Cp. *The Old Stoic*, No. 73.

19. The earth : Nature to the responsive human heart can seem full of the intensest joy or pain. By a ‘pathetic fallacy’ we attribute our own feelings to external Nature ; but in reality “the mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven” (Satan in *Paradise Lost*, l. 254).

16. *Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come*

A GREAT succession of English poets—Sidney, Milton, Keats, Arnold, Swinburne among them—have paid tribute to the nightingale. After them all Mr. Bridges finds something fresh and beautiful to say. The nightingale's song does not express perfection attained, but the yearning for unattainable perfection.

Metre.—Five accents in lines 1, 2, 5 of each stanza; six accents in line 4; two accents in lines 3 and 6. The short lines (3 and 6) suggest the 'dying cadence,' as the long fourth line recalls the bird's sustained flight of song.

17. *Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean*

ONE of the beautiful lyrics added in 1850 to *The Princess*. "This song came to me on the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories. It is the sense of the abiding in the transient" (Tennyson's note). Tennyson liked to think how few readers noticed the absence of rhymes from this exquisitely musical lyric. It is certainly remarkable how little rhyme is missed both here and in Collins's *Ode to Evening* (*G.T.* 186).

18. *Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes*

Paracelsus was Browning's first dramatic poem of importance (1835). In this lyric the philosopher—*Paracelsus* was a German physicist of the sixteenth century, a contemporary of Dr. Faustus—imagines himself making a pyre of fragrant spices on which his old artistic dreams are to be consumed: "thus they pass in song." Nowhere else does Browning effect so much merely by the associations of words—the names of spices hardly less redolent than the spices themselves—and by a concentrated economy of language which reaches its climax in the monosyllables of the last line.

14. dropping: the epithet is full of meaning; the tapestry hangs slackly on the wall, and it is also 'dropping to pieces' from decay.

15. lute: cp. Sir E. Gosse's sonnet *On a Lute found in a Sarco-phagus* (*G.T. of Modern Lyrics*, 102).

19. *They say the Lion and the Lizard keep*

THREE stanzas from the first version (1859) of EDWARD FITZGERALD'S free translation of the *Rubāiyāt* of Omar Khayyām. In later versions *and he lies fast asleep* was altered into "but cannot break his sleep"; *its Lap* into "her lap"; *delightful Herb* into "reviving Herb." Omar was a Persian astronomer and poet of the eleventh century. His translator, FitzGerald, was a friend of Tennyson and Carlyle, and one of the best of English letter-writers. The fortunes of his version of Omar make an interesting story. The thin volume was entirely neglected till Rossetti picked a copy out of the 'fourpenny

box ' outside a book-shop and made it known to his friends. Gradually it won fame, and for a time it was probably the most popular poem in England.

2. The Courts : Persepolis.

Jamshyd, Bahram : Jamshyd was a king of Persia in legendary times, Bahram one of the kings of the Sassanian dynasty, 5th cent. A.D. ; but the very strangeness of their names points the moral.

6. buried Cæsar : similar, but somewhat less subtle, is the thought of Hamlet (v. i. 236) : "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

20. *O blest unfabled Incense Tree*

FROM *Nepenthe*, privately printed in or about 1839, and reprinted in 1897 by R. A. Streatfeild from the imperfect copy in the British Museum ; in 1904 Mr. Streatfeild published the complete poem from a copy in the possession of the author's relatives (*Selections from George Darley*, Methuen).

GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846) was a poet, critic, and mathematician, whose verse was admired by Charles Lamb. "In the interval between the death of Byron and the rise of Tennyson Darley at one time seemed to promise high achievement. *Nepenthe* is inchoate and was never finished, but contains many splendours" (B.).

In the notes to his anthology, *The Spirit of Man*, Mr. Bridges interprets these stanzas as an allegory. The phoenix, he says, personifies the joys of sense, which perish in the using, yet are ever renewed ; the song is 'unechoing' because it awakens no spiritual echoes, and the plains are 'mountainless' because void of ambition. But the reader may rejoice in the vision of the phoenix for its colour and fragrance, and rest content with these, or find what application he pleases.

1. unfabled : the myrrh-tree (*Balsamodendron myrrha*) is a real 'unfabled' tree in Arabia, though the phoenix is mythical. This bird was believed to live for 500 years (or for 100, as in this poem) and then to burn itself in a nest of the myrrh-tree ; from its ashes a new phoenix arose to be its successor. It is a favourite bird of the older English poets, receiving splendid commemoration in Shakespeare (*The Phoenix and the Turtle*) and Milton (*Samson Agonistes*).

3. chalice : offering its flower-chalices (Lat. *calices*, buds) to fill the air with scent. *O.E.D.* gives no example of 'chalice' as a verb, though Shakespeare uses an adjective 'chalic'd' in *Cymbeline*, II. iii. 24.

21. *On either side the river lie*

THE first of Tennyson's studies (published in its original form in 1833, much altered in 1842) in the Arthurian cycle of legends. He found the story in an Italian novelette, *Donna di Scalotta*; as yet he had not read Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. He gave another version of the legend later in the story of "Elaine, the lily-maid of Astolat," who dies of her love for Sir Lancelot. (Shalott is Tennyson's anglicising of the Italian Scalotta and = Astolat.)

The poem is to be enjoyed, first and above all, for its series of imaginative pictures and its exquisite music. Is there anything more in it? We should do wrong to take it for an allegory, such as is the *Faerie Queene*, but there is no harm in finding in it (as both Alfred Ainger and Lord Tennyson's son suggest) a "deep human significance." The lady who lives, practising her art, in a world of shadows, is awakened to a longing to share the real life of the lovers she has seen in her mirror. She looks down to Camelot, sees Sir Lancelot, and the curse of unrequited love falls upon her, so that she dies.

3. wold : weald, downs.

5. Camelot : King Arthur's legendary capital. In the Italian story, though not in Celtic tradition, it is on the sea-coast.

10. Willows whiten : by showing the under-side of the leaf. Cp. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, LXXII. :

"Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane?"

12. ever : in this early poem Tennyson allows himself much freedom in the use of assonances instead of rhymes. His later practice was stricter.

21. unhail'd : without being called to.

30. cheerly : cp. Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, I. iii. 66, "cheerly drawing breath" (Tennyson's own note).

56. pad : pony.

84. Galaxy : the Milky Way.

87. blazon'd baldric : belt ornamented with heraldic devices.

98. bearded meteor : shooting-star with trail of light behind.

107. 'Tirra lirra' : "syllables musical in sound but without meaning, expressing Lancelot's gay light-heartedness. Cp. Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, IV. 3. 9, 'The lark that tirra-lirra chants' " (Rowe and Webb).

147. "Till her smooth face sharpen'd slowly" was the original line—preferred, so Tennyson has recorded, by George Eliot.

line, and in ll. 17, 19, 23 there are two extra syllables, 'to her,' meant to be read very quickly.

2. *mother of months* : the first month of the year. In the Athenian calendar the year began after midsummer, but Swinburne must mean the month Anthesterion (Feb.-March) in which the spring flower festival was held.

5. *nightingale* : in Greek legend, Tereus, king of Thrace, married Procnē, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. Procnē lamented her separation from her sister Philomēla. Sent to Athens to bring Philomēla, Tereus fell in love with her, and when she refused his advances, cut out her tongue and shut her up in a castle ; but Procnē learnt the truth, and in revenge the two sisters slew Tereus's son Itylus, and offered his flesh to Tereus at a banquet. Tereus was changed by the gods into a hoopoe, Philomēla into a nightingale, Procnē into a swallow.

One of the loveliest of Swinburne's songs is his *Itylus*, in which the unforgetting nightingale reminds her fickle sister, the swallow, of the ancient tragic story :

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?"

28. *The light that loses* : the winter days shortening to the solstice.

38. *the oat* : the oaten flute, Lat. *avena*. Cp. Milton's *Lycidas* (*G.T.* 89, l. 88), "But now my oat proceeds."

44. *Mænad, Bassarid, Bacchanal* : all names for the women-votaries of Bacchus.

27. *Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow*

"SELECTED from *Love in the Valley*, a long lyric of loosely connected stanzas" (B.). For a rapturous celebration of the loveliness of youthful and healthful maidenhood this lyric can hardly be surpassed. The first version of it appeared in 1851, a much enlarged form in 1878. The *metre*, dactyls slowing down to trochees, seems perfectly to convey the notion of untamed joy preparing to submit itself to restraint.

26. *raying West* : the evening sun sending out level rays of light.

28. *My heart is like a singing bird*

THE feelings of happy love are represented by a succession of images, full, like *The Song of Solomon*, of the wealth and colour of the East.

2. *watered shoot* : the imagery throughout the poem is Eastern, and the tree in which the bird builds its nest offers

refreshing shade because it is "planted by the water-side" (*Psalm* I. 2.).

6. halcyon sea : there was an ancient belief, often mentioned in the Greek and Latin poets, that during fourteen days of mid-winter, whilst the halcyon (kingfisher) was breeding, there was a great calm at sea. Cp. Milton (*G.T.* 85, 68), "While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

10. vair : "a kind of fur, but the word may be used in its heraldic sense of particoloured" (B.).

11. doves : emblematic of peace.

pomegranates : this fruit suggested the design for the ornaments on the robe and ephod of the Jewish high-priest, *Exodus*, xxviii. 33.

29. *Come into the garden, Maud*

FROM Tennyson's long dramatic monologue, *Maud*, 1855. Ruskin greatly admired this lyric, quoting lines 63-66 in *Modern Painters*, III. pt. iv, ch. 12, as an "exquisite instance of the pathetic fallacy" (i.e. of a legitimate application of the figure), and making use of it again in the peroration of *Sesame and Lilies*.

Metre.—Couplets of four and three accents, arranged in stanzas of six and eight lines. In places the movement is quickened by an internal rhyme in the longer lines. Where there might seem to be only three accents in the first line of the couplet, as in the first line of all, a slower reading gives the required number of four accents.

8. the planet of love : Venus, which is both the evening and the morning star, and so called both Hesperus and Phosphorus ; cp. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, cxxi.

29. lord-lover : the unsuccessful rival.

30. *The rain set early in to-night*

IN grim contrast to the three preceding poems of happy love come two narratives of passion and crime from Robert Browning. They both appeared originally in his volumes entitled *Bells and Pomegranates* (1842-5). Specially characteristic of Browning's genius is the dramatic monologue, in which a story, a situation and a character find expression together. Some of his monologues are in blank-verse, others take the more concentrated form of a lyric.

These are two of the most vivid. Porphyria's lover, driven mad by jealousy, has murdered her ; and with the openness which is as characteristic of madness in some phases, as secrecy is

in others, he sets forth the story of the crime, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Metre.—Rhyming stanzas of five octosyllabic lines, *ababb*: there is not always a pause at the end of a stanza.

31. *Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly*

THE scene of the imaginary story is Paris under the *Ancien Régime*, i.e. seventeenth or eighteenth century. Rossetti took this poem for the subject of a water-colour.

Metre.—The lines are made up of dactyls and trochees, with an optional extra syllable or two syllables at the beginning of the line. Browning's verse is not always the perfect vehicle for his thought, but here the swift movement magnificently conveys the feverish excitement of the speaker, exulting in the anticipation of revenge upon a successful rival.

14. brave: admirable. That 'brave' is originally a French word makes its use all the more appropriate here. Both in French and in English it has several meanings—courageous, well-dressed, smart, excellent.

32. *I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong*

THAT this is one of the loveliest sonnets in modern poetry few will venture to deny. It draws a wonderful music out of monosyllables, as do the great sonnets of Shakespeare and Drayton (see especially *G.T.* 18 and 49). Some have censured it for investing a moral weakness with poetic glamour; but a mood of weakness sometimes finds its best safety-valve in artistic expression.

ALICE MEYNELL (1850-1922), wife of Wilfrid Meynell (her maiden name was Thompson, and she was sister of Lady Butler the battle-painter), wrote lyric poetry of a delicate charm and subtle thoughtfulness, as well as some critical essays.

33. *We were not made for refuges of lies*

A FINE expression of disillusion, which has not ended, as too often, in cynicism, but only in the resolve of the lovers to face the truth about themselves and each other.

MARY E. COLERIDGE (1861-1907), described by one of her friends as "all poet and three-quarters saint," was a great-niece of S. T. Coleridge. She wrote poems and stories of great promise, and some account of her too short life may be read in the memoir by Edith Sichel prefixed to *Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary Coleridge* (Constable, 1910).

6. naked majesty : the cloudless sky, revealing the starry universe, symbolises truth. Cp. Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton (G.T. 257), "Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

34. *I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so*

FIRST published in *Men and Women*, 1855. A rejected lover asks the favour of a "last ride together," and during the ride gives himself up, not to despair, but to consoling thoughts. To show that it is within the power of man's spirit to pluck the sting out of failure, and make of it something even better than success—this was Browning's constant endeavour. It is the theme at the heart of *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *The Grammarian's Funeral*, *Prospice* (No. 107), *The Patriot*, *The Epilogue to Asolando*, among other poems, and it is the strength of this conviction in him which gives to his poetry its most inspiring quality.

Metre.—The swiftness of the numerous resolved feet (anapaests), the triple rhymes, and the drawing together and completion of the long stanzas by the rhyming of the fifth with the eleventh line, all marvellously convey 'the glory of motion.' In this effect they are not surpassed by the famous onomatopoeic triumph of Virgil, *Quadrupedante pedum sonitu quatit ungula campum*.

64. atones : compensates.

90. sublimate : etherealise.

108. The instant made eternity : cp. "Life touching lips with Immortality" in Rossetti's sonnet, *The Venetian Pastoral*.

35. *There lived a singer in France of old*

"THE prodigious length of so many of Swinburne's lyrics makes selection difficult. In this case the first forty stanzas of the poem (*The Triumph of Time*) have been omitted" (B.)

The speaker is again a rejected lover, but, unlike Browning's, he yields himself to an apathetic, though very musical, despair. He contrasts his woful condition with the happiness of the French troubadour who at least felt the arms of his love round him before he died.

With the second stanza it is interesting to compare the dialogue between Iseult of Ireland and the dying Tristram in Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*, Part II.

Metre.—Four accents in each line. We may treat the lines as made up of iambs (∪-) and anapaests (∪∪-), but it is better to regard them as trochees (-∪) and dactyls (-∪∪) with an extra-metrical unaccented syllable, or even two syllables, allowed occasionally at the beginning of the line.

1. a singer : " Rudel, the French troubadour who fell in love with the countess of Tripoli from the report of her ; sailed to Syria, fell sick on the voyage, and saw his lady at last, only to die in her arms " (B.).

2. midland sea : the Mediterranean. Cp. No. 46. 244, " the blue midland waters."

52. heft : pressure. Love heals the wound, but it is Love that inflicts it also.

36. *When do I see thee most, beloved one ?*

THE fourth in Rossetti's sonnet-sequence of *The House of Life*.

12. my lost saints : the friends we lost by death in childhood are sainted in our memory ; and however dear later friends may be we do not attribute to them the same perfections. So Newman, in " Lead, kindly light," wrote

" And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile ; "

though it is possible that his lines refer to angel-faces loved in Paradise in pre-natal days.

13. the perished leaves : so in the opening of Tennyson's *Maud*, " the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands " affords an image of the bankrupt's despair.

37. *How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways*

ONE of the series of forty-four sonnets which Elizabeth Barrett wrote to her lover Robert Browning. They were not published, nor even shown to him, till after their marriage. Their modest title, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (1850) was chosen to disguise their intensely personal nature. These sonnets are Mrs. Browning's highest achievement in poetry.

38. *Ask nothing more of me, sweet*

TENNYSON'S description of the making of a lyric (No. 6):

" The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word—"

receives apt illustration from this song, which is indeed a playing upon words.

Metre.—Stanzas of 6 lines, each consisting of two dactyls followed by a long syllable.

39. *I wonder do you feel to-day*

ONE of the most beautiful of Browning's poems; published in *Men and Women*, 1855. Always experimenting with metre, he seems here to have found one that exactly suits the mood he wishes to express; sense and sound harmonise so completely that there is no suggestion anywhere of a *tour de force*, of a violence done to rhyme, rhythm or diction, such as often detracts from the charm of his verse; and the poem reaches its perfect climax in the last two lines, which are the key to the whole, and are among the great lines of poetry that have become a part of the English language.

The Roman Campagna, with its contrasts of 'passion' and 'peace'—the life of flowers and insects, so full of heat and energy, yet so brief and ineffectual, the ruins that speak at once of antiquity and of the brevity of the human generations, the limitless plain stretching away out of sight—turns the lover's thought to the baffling enigma of life. How reconcile 'passion' and 'peace'? The thought leads him on like the spider's thread, a clue which takes him nowhere, though he traces it everywhere round him. He would fain lose his separate identity and become wholly absorbed in the beloved, but the finite bounds of our nature cannot be so transcended; we remain separate, the yearning is unfulfilled. For the thought, cp. Arnold, *To Marguerite*, "Yes! in the sea of life enlisted . . . We mortal millions live alone"; and a letter of M. E. Coleridge:

"How far away we are from each other. Two walls of flesh between me and the nearest person on earth! Even the eyes mysterious. I look, and see two little pictures of my outward self, when all I long for is the image of the other soul at those windows; and then, we may reduce our bodies to the same pace, sit, walk, run evenly together, but how seldom will the mind run in couples."

21. *champaign*: the Campagna, the great plain to the south of Rome. It suggested to Browning the scenery of another very beautiful poem, *Love among the Ruins* (No. 87). There is an impressive description of it in Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, Preface to vol. I., 2nd edition.

40. *O let me be in loving nice*

THE group of love-poems (Nos. 27-39) is followed by a group of poems of friendship (Nos. 40-44, to which we may add the elegies, 47-49).

Mary Coleridge's single stanza, and the two stanzas by Austin Dobson which follow, have a monumental quality, a terseness as of an ode of Catullus, more often attained in the seventeenth century than in the twentieth.

41. *Fame is a food that dead men eat*

AUSTIN DOBSON (1840-1921) was a writer of admirable prose and of a peculiarly delicate and distinguished verse, which to classical readers sometimes recalls Horace.

42. *Round the cape of a sudden came the sea*

PUBLISHED in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842-5. Meredith's saying that what he mainly sought in poetry was "concentration and suggestion" is finely illustrated by this quatrain. The stanzas describing pictures in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* may be compared as exemplifying the same qualities.

Returning daylight reveals the world; the sun begins his golden path across the sky, the man turns to his daily course also, but with the consciousness of a need in his heart that the pageant of external nature will not satisfy—the need of human society.

If the speaker is the same as in the companion piece, *Meeting at Night* (*G. T. of Modern Lyrics*, 45) the 'need' meant maybe the necessity laid upon man for work: "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening" (*Psalms* civ).

43. *As ships becalmed at eve that lay*

WRITTEN by Clough after his estrangement from W. G. Ward, his tutor at Balliol College, Oxford, to whom he was strongly attached. Ward was a follower of Newman, and, like Newman, joined the Church of Rome. Clough was at first attracted by 'the Oxford movement,' but his more sceptical mind shook off the influence, and he became a free-thinker. The full story is told in *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement*, by Wilfrid Ward, 1889, ch. vi. See also the reference to Clough's mental history in Arnold's elegy, *Thyrsis*.

The estrangement commemorated in these verses was due simply to the growing divergence between the minds of the two friends as they developed. Some of the loveliest lines in English poetry depict an estrangement due to an external cause, "whispering tongues"—Coleridge's lines in the second part of *Christabel*, beginning "Alas, they had been friends in youth."

Metre.—The inner rhymes, used in the last three stanzas only, with their quickening effect upon the metre, mark the change from calm to rapid motion.

Title.—The Latin words are from *Aeneid* iii. 269. The whole sentence runs:—

ferimur spumantibus undis,

Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat.

("We scud over the foam-flecked waters, whither wind and pilot called our course.")

6. the darkling hours : the hours that are passed in the dark. Clough found the word 'darkling' in Milton ("The wakeful bird Sings darkling," *P.L.* III. 39) and Shakespeare ("O sun, burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand The varying shore o' the world" (*Ant. and Cleop.* IV. xv. 10); but he used it in his own way.

20. Cp. the precept of Polonius, *Hamlet*, I. iii. 78, "This above all: to thine own self be true."

44. *They told me, Heracitus, they told me you were dead*

SOME may possibly question the right of these lines to a place in the *Golden Treasury* on the ground that they are a translation from the Greek Anthology—the epitaph of Callimachus on Heraclitus. None the less, they are an exquisite English lyric, and have as good a right to be among other English lyrics as odes of Horace based upon the Greek have to their undisputed place in Latin poetry.

WILLIAM CORY (1823-1892), an Eton master, published a thin volume of verse, *Ionica*, in which, apart from this exquisite translation, the best-known poems are *Amaturus* and *Mimnermus in Church* (both given in Mr. Binyon's *G.T. of Modern Lyrics*). He was an accomplished student of Greek and Latin verse, and a very stimulating teacher, talker and letter-writer. His portrait is sketched in Sir H. Newbolt's poem, *Ionicus*.

45. *Roman Virgil, thou that singest*

WRITTEN for the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death, 1882: "at once the finest and amplest account ever given of the profound and majestic quality of the *Aeneid*, the fullest acknowledgment of his own life-long devotion to Virgil, and the nearest approach made by any modern poet to the splendour of the Virgilian verse" (J. W. Mackail, *Virgil and His Meaning to the World of To-day*). The long lines, with the 'caesura' or break in the middle, give an English reader a truer idea of the majesty of the Virgilian hexameter than can be got from any direct imitation of that metre in English.

St. 1 describes the *Aeneid*. St. 2 refers to Hesiod, the early Greek poet whose "Works and Days" suggested the *Georgics*. St. 3 describes the *Georgics*; sts. 4 and 5 the *Eclogues*. St. 4 refers specially to *Eclogues* I. and VI., st. 5 to *Eclogue* IV., sometimes called 'the Pollio' because it is addressed to a Roman consul of that name, sometimes known as the Messianic Eclogue because of its parallels to the Messianic predictions in *Isaiah* which led to Virgil's being regarded as a prophet in the Middle

Ages. Sts. 6 and 7 concentrate on the greatest Book of the *Aeneid*, Book VI. Aeneas, by direction of the Sibyl, looks for a "golden branch" in the dark forest to point the way to the lower world when he goes down to consult Anchises. In Hades he sees the phantom procession of souls rising to the upper world. So Tennyson speaks of our world as "this phantom shore," because the generations are as shadows that pass, but Virgil's poetry abides.

15. poet-satyr : Silenus, into whose mouth Virgil puts a song of the creation of the world.

29. Forum : see *Georgics*, II. 502, "insanumque forum."

34. Rome of freemen : Victor Emanuel freed Rome from the temporal power of the Papacy, 1870.

36. sunder'd once : *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, *Eclogue*, I. 67.

37. Mantovano : Mantuan. In Dante, *Purg.* VI. 74, Sordello salutes Virgil, who was born near Mantua, by this name.

39. stateliest measure : the Virgilian hexameter.

46. *Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill*

The Scholar Gipsy, like its companion, *Thyrsis*, belongs to that small but noble class of English poems which includes *Lycidas* and *Adonais*—the class of pastoral elegies. It is a "pastoral" because it uses the conventions of pastoral imagery inherited by poems of this type from the poetry of Bion, Moschus, Theocritus, Virgil, Spenser and others; and it is an "elegy" because it uses these conventions to commemorate a person, though the person is not, as with *Thyrsis*, the author's friend, but merely a seventeenth-century scholar of whom he has read. The story in *Glanvil* fascinated Arnold, as if it were an allegory of a rare sensitive spirit who had fled from the torment of civilisation and sought happiness in a simpler, more primitive life. It was the same theme that allured him in *Empedocles on Etna* and in *Obermann*.

To lovers of Oxford this poem and its sequel are specially dear as having caught and handed on so much of the *genius loci*—the colleges, the studies, sports, festivities, the river, the flowers and peasant-folk and place-names of the surrounding country. And nowhere has Arnold revealed more movingly his characteristic melancholy, which contrasts both with Browning's optimistic outlook on this life and Tennyson's resolve to trust in life beyond the grave. "Sick hurry" and "divided aims" Arnold diagnoses as the disease of modern society, and he finds no cure for it, only "anodynes"; but his thoughts turn longingly to the life of

simpler days, and it is in Nature that, like Wordsworth, he discovers the light still shining. The sequel, *Thyrsis*, commemorates his friend Clough, in whom he finds some likeness to the Scholar-Gipsy, though his life had been saddened by the religious doubts and controversies of the Victorian age.

Metre.—A stanza of ten iambic lines, a variation of the ten-line stanza which Keats invented for his *Ode to a Nightingale* (G.T. 290). That stanza—as Mr. H. W. Garrod shows in his essay on Keats, p. 95—was founded upon the sonnet: it was “built up from a Shakespearian quatrain followed by a Petrarchian sestet,” whereas Arnold’s stanza “consists of a Petrarchian sestet followed by a Petrarchian quatrain, the last line of the sestet (the sixth of the stanza) being reduced, in every case, to three feet.” Mr. Garrod holds that Keats’s stanza was superior to Arnold’s because the sestet, coming last, gives to each stanza point and culmination; in the Arnoldian stanza the sestet does not work to a point.

4. thy howling fellows : the sheep-dogs.

20. live : used as an adj. in A.V. of *Exodus*, xxi. 35, “the live ox,” and *Isaiah*, vi. 6, “a live coal.”

26. lindens : lime-trees.

31. Glanvil’s book : *The Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661. “There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told him that the people he went with were not such imposters as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others: that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.”

34. pregnant parts : faculties (Lat. *partes*) fertile in ideas.

37. the Hurst : a wooded eminence.

59. ingle-bench : chimney-corner seats. The “ingle” is the fire burning in the hearth; a Scandinavian word, but said to be akin to Lat. *ignis*.

smock-frock’d : the “smock” is the traditional garb of the English field-labourer, a shirt-like garment which he draws on by inserting his head.

69. green-muffled : thickly clad in green

Cumner : four miles from Oxford. Cumner Hall, no longer standing, was the scene of Amy Robsart's death : see Scott's *Kenilworth*.

74. Bab-lock-hithe : on the upper Thames, 11½ miles above Oxford, but only one mile from Cumner by bridle-path.

76. A wonderfully effective onomatopoeic line.

91. Godstow : where are the remains of the nunnery in which Fair Rosamund was educated and was buried (c. 1176).

114. scarlet patches : autumnal berries and leaves.

shreds of grey : perhaps especially the "old man's beard," otherwise called "traveller's joy."

tagg'd with : having as appendages ; cp. the various meanings of the subst. "tag."

149. just pausing : just at the point of ceasing. The Romans thought of each man as possessing a Genius, a guardian-spirit, which protected him through life but did not survive him.

167. term or scope : limit or aim.

172. casual creeds : beliefs that have come to us through the accidents of our upbringing or social surroundings, but have never been tested by serious enquiry.

183. dejectedly : Arnold may have had in mind those of whom he wrote in his poems and in the First Series of *Essays in Criticism*—Heine, Senancour (author of *Obermann*), Maurice de Guérin.

208. Dido : see Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 450-476, for the meeting of Dido and Aeneas in the underworld. In the two preceding lines (206-7) there may be an echo, conscious or unconscious, of another passage in Virgil, *Aen.* iii. 44, "Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum"—the line which so wrought upon the conscience of Savonarola.

211-212. Mr. Saintsbury selects these two lines as marking "the highest point of the composition," and as specially characteristic of Arnold.

214. silver'd : moonlit ; cp. l. 217.

230. There seems here to be some reminiscence of Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, which could hardly fail to recur to Arnold's thoughts as he wrote lines 219-220.

232-250. It was artistically a daring innovation to end the pastoral with a simile so elaborate that we become absorbed in the picture for its own sake and forget what it was meant to illustrate. Arnold followed a somewhat similar plan in the ending of *Sohrab and Rustum*. In both poems his success is his justification. In *Sohrab* there is no doubt that the justification is complete, because the thought of the river losing itself in the vast tranquil

sea under the stars reconciles us to the sadness of the story and of human fate. No such completeness of justification is attained here. Still, we may claim leave to enjoy the simile as we enjoy the predella of a great Italian painter at the foot of an altar-piece—a miniature painting of rare beauty, no part of the great picture above, but harmonising with it and loved as so harmonising, yet loved most of all for its own sake.

If, however, we regard the author's monody of *Thyrsis* as completing *The Scholar Gipsy*, and really forming one poem with it, any possible artistic objection to the simile disappears: it cannot then leave the impression of an irrelevant climax, for it becomes simply episodic, a rest by the way.

232. Tyrian trader: the Phoenicians preceded the Greeks as traders in the Mediterranean, and are believed to have reached the Scilly Isles and even the Hebrides.

236. Aegæan isles: the Grecian archipelago.

238. Chian: from the island of Chios in the Aegean Sea.

243. indignantly: observe the weight of the long word at the end of the line.

244. Midland waters: the Mediterranean. Cp. No. 35, l. 2.

245. the Syrtes: the dangerous sandbanks off the north coast of Africa.

247. the western straits: the straits of Gibraltar.

249. Iberians: natives of Spain, whose name is still borne by the river Ebro.

47. *Break, break, break*

"THIS poem first saw the light along with the dawn in a Lincolnshire lane at 5 o'clock in the morning" (Tennyson's note); but the imagined scene seems to be Clevedon, a little watering-place on the Bristol Channel, where Arthur Hallam, the poet's friend, lies buried.

Metre.—The length of the lines is determined by the number of accents. The three syllables of the first line are three monosyllabic feet which occupy as much time in reading as any lines except the 11th and 15th. These two lines have a fourth accent, and give a further effect of lingering sadness because the ear is not expecting the addition.

48. *The night has a thousand eyes*

SIMPLE as is the thought, the completeness with which the second stanza corresponds to the first gives a touch of inevitability: the rare perfection is attained of a lyric by Heine or of Landor's *Rose Aylmer*.

49. *Ah, what avails the sceptred race*

ROSE AYLMER was a real person, the youngest daughter of Henry, fourth Baron Aylmer. Landor wrote this, perhaps the most perfectly classical elegy in the English language in its union of deep tenderness with delicate reserve, on hearing of her death in India in 1800.

50. *Now first, as I shut the door*

"EDWARD THOMAS was killed in the War, 1917. He won distinction as an essayist, and only late in life turned from prose to verse, which he published under the name of Edward Eastaway" (B.).

For the expression in poetry of the eeriness of lonely houses we may compare Tennyson's *Mariana* and Mr. de la Mare's *The Listeners*. The vagueness and unhelpfulness of foreboding fears are finely touched in the last lines, which to some readers may recall Tennyson's picture of Arthur gazing over the desolate scene of his last battle in the west and hearing the wan wave

"rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be."

Metre.—Three accents in the odd and two in the even lines.

51. *There is a silence where hath been no sound*

THE contrast of past life makes the consciousness of present silence more profoundly moving. Cp. No. 19 and Shelley's *Ozymandias* (G.T. 293).

52. *I am! yet what I am, who cares or knows?*

"THE recent publication of many poems from MSS. never before printed has increased Clare's reputation. No one in our poetry has been so intimate in writing of the country, and of the country life as lived by the villager. Himself a peasant, he yet had a singular sensibility to beauty.—These pathetic lines were written in the asylum where his last years were spent" (B.).

53. *I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless*

A PORTRAYAL of the paralysing effect of despair. Aubrey de Vere's noble sonnet, *Count each affliction, whether grave or light*, with its ideal of a grief "majestic, equable, sedate," would make a fine contrasting picture.

Metre.—In the structure of this sonnet (as in No. 83) Mrs. Browning follows the example of Milton, who, whilst adopting the Italian arrangement of rhymes, did not observe the rule sometimes arbitrarily laid down by modern critics that there should be a complete break between the octave (first eight lines) and the sestet (last six).

8. *absolute* : combines the notions of perfect power and inexorable determination. It is a favourite adjective with both Shakespeare and Milton. Cp. "Be absolute for death" (*Measure for Measure*, III. i.), and "You are too absolute, Though therein you can never be too noble" (*Coriolanus*, III. ii.). "Absolute" is used eight times in *Paradise Lost*.

54. *O dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees*

HERBERT TRENCH (1865-1923), poet, dramatist and theatre-manager, wrote a good deal of lyric poetry, which is always interesting, because full of thought and feeling, though not always successful. He was the son of R. C. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, who obtained some distinction as an anthologist and a composer of graceful verse on sacred themes as well as by his prose writings on theology and on language.

The best commentaries on this poem would be Thoreau's *Walden*, and the chapters in *Modern Painters* which Ruskin devoted to an enthusiastic study of trees. See especially Vol. V. Pt. vi. Ch. i., § 4: "Being thus prepared for us in all ways, and made beautiful, and good for food, and for building, and for instruments of our hands, this race of plants, deserving boundless affection and admiration from us, become, in proportion to their obtaining it, a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life; so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees enough, and everyone is assuredly wrong in both, who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way."

13. *greenness* : cp. Marvell in *G.T.* 142 :

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

55. *Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees*

SEE introductory note to No. 10. Though the preferences for the contrasted types of scenery are dramatically assigned to two different persons, the poet's own sympathies are with both kinds. He can feel, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr says, for the English landscape like an Englishman; for the Italian landscape, as an Italian might. The two Italian scenes—the hill-castle in the North, the seaside

house in the South—are contrasted with each other as well as with the English woodland lane.

11. the bean-flowers' boon : their gift of scent. Cp. Coleridge's poem, *The Aeolian Harp* :

" How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field ! "

16. wind-grieved : tormented by the wind. Cp. " the still-vexed Bermoothes " of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, I. ii. 229.

35. the King : Ferdinand II., the tyrannical Bourbon king of the two Sicilies, nicknamed King Bomba, reigned 1830-1859. Gladstone, visiting Naples in 1851, roused the public opinion of Europe against the injustice of Bomba's courts and the horrors of his prisons.

40-44. In January 1558 the French stormed Calais and so reft away " the brightest jewel in the English crown," the last-remaining of the conquests of England in the Hundred Years' War. The loss broke Mary's heart, and she died in November of that year.

56. *Welcome, red and roundy sun*

IF it is, as Wordsworth held, part of the poet's mission to sing " Of joy in widest commonalty spread," Clare's poem is precious for its sympathetic picture of happiness realisable in the humblest home.

1. roundy : dialect word, meaning " large and round " ; it is specially applied to lumps of coal.

8. Bill : " concave-edged lopping implement for pruning, etc." (*C.O.D.*).

mittens : " kind of glove with thumb but no fingers, for warmth or protection in hedgers' work, etc." (*C.O.D.*).

28. hanging on the hooks : cooking on the spit in front of the fire.

30. faggot : bundle of brushwood used for fuel.

57. *When men were all asleep the snow came flying*

THE picture, or rather series of pictures, is drawn slowly, with one patient stroke after another, till we see the whole panorama unroll itself with the distinctness of a pre-Raphaelite painting. The effect of the silence, and of the sounds that break the silence, is skilfully rendered ; and the group of boys, enjoying in different

but characteristic ways the novelty of the snow, may be compared with the groups which Flemish painters so often brought into their pictures.

Metre.—Five accents in each line. Observe the interweaving of the rhymes.

58. *The Lady Poverty was fair*

ST. FRANCIS, when he voluntarily embraced Poverty, told his former gay companions that he was wedded to a beautiful bride. Poverty, as we encounter it in the slums or in the home where rigid economy needs to be practised, wears a mean aspect that contrasts with the beauty which invests the story of St. Francis. A similar contrast is drawn in a poem by Miss Evelyn Underhill (*Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*, 199), where an explanation of the difference is advanced: on the Umbrian hills Poverty walked "alone with God," but in the modern city "With heavy eyes and weary feet She walked *alone, with men*": i.e. the difference is not a mere matter of poetic or prosaic association, but of the inner spirit.

15-18. These lines reproduce with delicate art the spirit of the Umbrian landscape, as it is revealed in the backgrounds of the great Umbrian painters, Perugino and Raphael.

59. *Give to me the life I love*

R. L. STEVENSON (1850-94), fully valued or even overvalued as a writer of English prose, has not yet received all the recognition due to him as a poet. His *Child's Garden of Verse* was something new in kind and as epoch-making as Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. "The Vagabond," written "for an air of Schubert," is the first of his *Songs of Travel*.

The praise of the "Open Road," celebrated by Hazlitt and Stevenson in their essays on walking-tours, and by Borrow in *Lavengro*, is a favourite theme with modern poets, and has been widely popularised by Mr. E. V. Lucas's anthology with that title. Kindred poems are Stevenson's own "I will make you brooches and toys for your delight" and Mr. Massfield's "Tewkesbury Road" (Nos. 71 and 69 in *Poems of To-day*).

2. the lave: Scottish, "the rest."

60. *We swing ungirded hips*

CHARLES H. SORLEY, "a poet of high promise and original power, was killed in action, 1915, at the age of twenty" (B.). He was a son of Professor W. R. Sorley of Cambridge, and was still a boy

at Marlborough when he wrote this song to express the spirit of the school "runs" across the Wiltshire downs.

Metre.—The swift movement slows down at the close of each stanza into three stressed monosyllables—"great wide air," etc. Cp. No. 61.

61. *Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir*

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD (b. 1878) is one of the most original poets of his generation. He has written dramas, narrative poems, ballads, sonnets and lyrics, and has shown a specially intimate knowledge and love of the sea and ships.

In this poem his purpose is not to contrast the inglorious present with the glorious past, but to claim for the "dirty British coaster," even whilst fully admitting the prosaic associations of its cargo, kinship with the brave merchant adventurers of all ages. Thus we may compare his work with that of modern artists like Frank Brangwyn or Muirhead Bone, who reveal to us beauty of line or colour in scaffolding, workshop and factory.

Metre.—Six accents in lines 1 and 2, two accents in lines 3 and 4, five accents in the fifth line. As in the preceding poem, the rapid movement of the verse slows down into three consecutive stressed syllables at the end of each stanza. A further subtlety is the contrast between the smooth-slipping liquids of the first stanza and the harsh dentals and gutturals of the third stanza, to convey the notion of gentle gliding over quiet waters and persistent effort in the teeth of a gale.

1. *Quinquireme*: the word is Latin, and the correct spelling *quinquereme*: a galley with five banks of oars. The Greeks and Romans both used such vessels in war, not for commerce. The Assyrians of Nineveh were an inland people, and did not use on their rivers any vessels as large as *quinqueremes*. On their bas-reliefs maritime vessels, probably of Tyre, with two banks of oars, are sometimes represented: see Layard's *Nineveh*, vol. ii. Mr. Masefield doubtless chose "*quinquereme*" and "*Nineveh*" as words of an antique and lofty sound; and though it is a commentator's ungracious duty to question his historical accuracy, only a pedant would deem the inaccuracy a fatal flaw in so lovely a poem.

Ophir: often mentioned in O.T. as a country from which gold came; probably a port in S. Arabia.

3. *ivory*: 1 *Kings*, x. 11 and 22, "And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees and precious stones. . . . For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once every three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and

silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." Hiram, with whom King Solomon traded, was a Phœnician king of Tyre, and the ships of Tarshish were doubtless Phœnician ships also, though called after Tartessus, the port in Spain, which was their furthest goal.

6. the Isthmus : Panama.

10. moidores : Portuguese gold coins.

62. *I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep*

THE sight of old ships sailing on the Mediterranean calls up two visions of the past—one of Genoese pirates attacking a merchant ship, the other of a still remoter day when Odysseus (Ulysses) and his men, returning from Troy, got out of their course and came to Circe's island of *Ææa* (*Odyssey* x.). *The Old Ships* was first printed after its author's death.

3. With leaden age o'ercargoed : low in the water, not so much from their cargo as from their sodden o'er-cruised timbers.

4. Famagusta : harbour on E. coast of Cyprus.

26. wooden horse : Odysseus and Diomed were said to have taken Troy by the stratagem of warriors hidden in a wooden horse which they represented as a votive-offering to the goddess Pallas Athene, and which the Trojans accordingly admitted within their walls.

63. *This darksome burn, horseback brown*

INVERSNÄID, Stirling : the burn is on its way to Loch Lomond. The rhythm, in its mingled roughness and swiftiness, conveys the impression of an impetuous torrent tearing down over obstacles. The pictures are vivid ; and the praise of "wildness and wet" is part of the reaction to untamed Nature from the excessive growth of towns. The one criticism to which the poem is exposed is that it is writ in no language, *i.e.* it uses English and Scottish words indifferently.

GERARD M. HOPKINS (1844-1889), "a Jesuit priest, who died in his early prime, was a learned experimenter in rhythm and metre. His truly poetic genius was original to the point of eccentricity" (B.).

2. rollrock : adj., rolling over rocks.

3. In coop and in comb : in the narrows and on the crest of the wave.

4. Flutes : sends into grooved channels. A metaphor from architecture ; cp. "a fluted pillar."

6. twindles : twirls.

8. It rounds and rounds : the eye of the despondent but fascinated beholder is carried round and round with the water till he sees the stream go over the edge into the pool beneath, and (in spirit) he goes over too.

9. Degged : soaked—a dialect word used in Lancashire and Cumberland.

10. braes : hillsides.

11. heathpacks : tufts of heather.

flitches : tall tufts—this use of the word may be Hopkins's own invention.

12. beadbony : lovely with berries.

64. *When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom*

HUNTING songs, that breathe the exhilaration of fresh air, motion and the chase, are plentiful enough. The qualities to be expected of a sportsman's song are not wanting here; but what distinguishes this poem is its sympathy with the hunted animal. The stag, undefeated in death, is the hero of the song. The scene is Exmoor; Severn Sea is the Bristol Channel. On at least one occasion, since this poem was written, a stag which had taken to the water was pursued by men in a motor-boat and killed. What Davidson's indignation would have been may be left to the reader's imagination.

JOHN DAVIDSON (1857-1909), born in Renfrewshire, was a journalist, dramatist and poet.

For the hunting terms see Richard Jefferies' *The Red Deer*. A stag of five years is called "runnable" or "warrantable," i.e. of an age to be hunted. "Brow, bay, and tray" are the first three branches of a stag's horn. A "brocket" is a two-year old and has only straight horns.

1. pods went pop : for the sounds of later autumn on the moor read the description of Egdon Heath in Hardy's *Return of the Native*, bk. i., ch. 6.

8. three (antlers) on top.

11. harbourer : "The work of the 'harbourer' is to find where a runnable stag is in 'harbour' (i.e. covert) on the morning of the meet." Jefferies, *Red Deer*, vi. 104.

17. beam'd : having a horn of the fourth year.

tined : with tines or prongs.

19. tufted : beat. In l. 22 *tufted forth* = dislodged (the stag) by tufting the covert.

31. laid on : put on the scent.

32. of warrant : warrantable.

50. quarry : (intended) prey.

70. jewell'd bed : we may think of Clarence's dream in Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act I., Sc. iv. :

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,—
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems. . . ."

65. *God gave all men all earth to love*

MR. KIPLING'S tribute to the county which he has chosen for the home of his later years—a county praised nobly also by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in his poem, *The South Country*. Born in Bombay, Mr. Kipling "had begun by knowing the Empire. Roving the seas, he had found it in all parts of the world. He had seen but the present of his country, and he had seen it expanded over the globe. Now that he had returned to the land of his fathers, and settled, far from the great highways, in one of those quiet southern counties where the legends and traditions of old England have survived, he learned to look at it in the perspective of the past, and to commune silently with its deep, abiding soul" (Chevillon, *Three Studies in English Literature*, trans. by F. Simmonds, p. 98).

8. Cp. *Genesis*, i. 31.

12. Levuka's trade : the trade-winds of the South Pacific. Levuka is one of the Fiji Islands.

30. shift : interchange.

43. dewpond : a name given in Wiltshire to the ponds found on the otherwise waterless downs—ponds which have no visible source of supply in streams or springs.

55. Wilfrid : Wilfrid of Ripon, a Northumbrian monk, who converted the South Saxons, the last people in England that remained heathen.

63-4. Between the W. and E., the N. and S., limits of Sussex.

Black Down is the hill above Haslemere, on which Tennyson built a house, choosing the spot because of its view of "Green Sussex fading into blue, with one gray glimpse of sea."

67. the Long Man of Wilmington : "a figure 240 ft. high, with a staff in each hand, cut out in the face of the chalk downs (renewed). It is due more probably to the Celts than to the monks of W. Priory, and may represent Baldur, as symbolic of spring" (Muirhead's *Guide to England*).

69. Rother enters the sea at Rye Harbour.

72. Our ports : "The Cinque Ports developed their organisation as a fighting power in the eleventh century. They were falling into manifest decay in the fifteenth century, and they had virtually lost their trade and their utility to the national defence before the close of the sixteenth" (J. A. Williamson in *History*, July 1926).

76. "Sussex weed" : apparently a local name for the oak, but I have failed to find confirmation of this ; or, perhaps, there may be a saying that oaks are as common as weeds in Sussex.

77. Piddinghoe : a small village on the Sussex Ouse close to Newhaven.

66. *Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away*

To have captured a melody so simple and sure, that it almost sings itself as we read, and to have done it without any touch of commonness—such is Sir H. Newbolt's achievement here. It was the most striking of the ballads in the little volume, *Admirals All*, by which he first won poetic fame. Drake and Hawkins made a last expedition to the West Indies together in 1595, and both died at sea.

3. round shot : cannon balls, used to weigh down a body buried at sea.

Nombre Dios : a bay on the north side of the isthmus of Panama, facing the West Indies.

4. Plymouth Hoe : "a fine elevated esplanade overlooking the Sound, on which Drake is said to have been playing bowls when the Spanish Armada hove in sight" (Muirhead's *England*).

5. Yarnder lumes : "Yonder looms." These and other spellings in the poem are in accordance with Devon dialect.

21. the Sound : the roadstead outside Plymouth.

24. ware : aware, heedful.

67. *At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay*

TENNYSON wrote this noble ballad after Froude's essay on "England's Forgotten Worthies" had recalled attention to Sir Walter Raleigh's *Report of the truth of the fight about the Isles of Acores this last Sommer* (1591). It was written, for all its youthful vigour, quite late in the poet's life, and was first published in the *Nineteenth Century*, March 1878. His son records that the first line lay on his father's desk for two years, but at last he set to work and finished the whole ballad in a day or two. "Eh !

Alfred, you have got the grip of it," was Carlyle's approving comment. It would scarcely be fanciful to regard *The Revenge* as parent of all the stirring poems of patriotism and the sea which Mr. Kipling and Sir Henry Newbolt have given us since.

Metre.—The normal line is of six feet, iambic or (when rapidity is sought) anapaestic; it is divided by a break in the middle, and sometimes by an internal rhyme, into two lines of three feet each. But many variations are allowed from this normal type. The "flutter'd bird" simile (l. 2) is helped by the crowding of seven feet into the line—to be read, of course, in the time usually allotted to six feet. Similarly, in l. 16 there are only four feet, but they are to be lingered over, and in l. 45 we have three monosyllabic feet, "Long and loud" (cp. No. 47, l. 1). In stanza 9 the persistence of the fight is emphasised by the lengthening of the lines (seven feet in each).

1. Flores : a disyllable.

Azores : a trisyllable.

31. Don : a Spanish title, used in England to signify Spanish nobles or gentlemen.

46. galleons : Spanish word, used for the great Spanish ships of war.

48. larboard : the left side of the ship, looking forward ; the older nautical term, now replaced by "port."

starboard : the right side.

53. pikes and musqueteers : the two main types of infantry in the sixteenth century when fire-arms were coming into use. "The pike is the more honourable arm in respect of its antiquity, for it hath been the use of the pike and spear many hundred years before there was any knowledge of the musket," says a seventeenth-century military writer.

101. "His exact words were : 'Here die I, Richard Greenfield, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, religion and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or such other like words, he gave up the Ghost with a great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true sign of heaviness in him" (Jan Huygen van Linschoten, translated into English, 1598).

112. the lands they had ruin'd : the West Indies. A fleet of merchantmen joined the Spaniards immediately after the battle. "A few days after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indy ships, there arose so great a storm from the West and North-west, that all the fleet was dis-

persed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come unto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which 14 sail together with the *Revenge*, and in her 200 Spaniards, were cast away upon the Isle of S. Michaels. So it pleased them to honour the burial of that renowned ship the *Revenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her lifetime" (Raleigh).

68. *Laden with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the
glory of achievement*

"ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE attacked and destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, 20th April, 1657. Returning home, ill and worn out, he died at the entrance to Plymouth Sound, 7th August. The metre of the poem seems to have been suggested by the contrasted effect of alternate hexameter and iambic used by Horace in some of his odes" (B.).

22. barren : an epithet of the sea in the poets from Homer downwards. At least, this is the traditional interpretation of ἀλός ἀρπυγέοιο, *Iliad*, i. 316, etc., though the true meaning may be "restless."

5-8. In these lines there is a reminiscence, doubtless intentional—especially in the reference to "the morrow"—of Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna* (G. T. 262.).

69. *If I should die, think only this of me*

RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915), Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, son of a Rugby house-master, was a writer of great promise. No verse gave finer expression than this sonnet to that wonderful mood of impassioned exaltation in which the young Englishmen of 1914 met the sudden call for patriotic self-surrender. Shortly afterwards the poet's untimely death deeply touched the imagination of his fellow-countrymen; and the nation recognised that in his last verses he had placed himself by the side of Keats, of all English poets the one remembered most fondly for early achievement and unfulfilled renown.

14. at peace : the juxtaposition of the words "peace" and "English" may recall the beautiful stanza which describes one of the pictures in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* :

"And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

70. *What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?*

WILFRID OWEN "was killed in action, 1918, at the age of twenty-five. This sonnet powerfully expresses horror at the incalculable slaughter of youth in the Great War, as Rupert Brooke's *The Soldier* and other sonnets of 1914 express the exalted ardour with which youth entered on the conflict" (B.).

7. There seems to be an unconscious recollection of Keats's *Autumn* (G.T. 303), "Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn."

71. *Say not the struggle nought availeth*

As lovers of Tennyson like to end upon *Crossing the Bar*, or lovers of Browning upon the *Epilogue to Asolando*, so those who cherish Clough's memory recognise in this poem, though it was not chronologically latest, his final testament to the world. "Truth hath a quiet breast," and there is more sustaining power in these modest stanzas than in a hundred lyrics of self-satisfied and gushing optimism.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861) is perhaps more often remembered now as the friend in whose honour Arnold wrote *Thyrsis* than on his own account, but these verses and *Qua Cursum Ventus* (No. 43) are secure of immortality, and his Long Vacation Pastoral, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, is not likely to be entirely forgotten by Oxford men.

72. *Only a man harrowing clods*

To those who lived through it the Great War seemed to have utterly changed life. Yet even in time of "the breaking of nations" (*Jeremiah*, li. 20), is it not clear that the old occupations of mankind, the subduing of the earth and love-making, persist unchanged? It is characteristic of Hardy that this reflection, as the elegiac cast of the verse shows, does not inspire hope so much as a sense of the continuity of man's labour: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun" (*Ecclesiastes*, i. 9).

73. *Riches I hold in light esteem*

EMILY BRONTË here puts the philosophy of her own life—"so impatient of constraint from others, so implacable in its slavery to its own principles" (E. Gosse)—into the mouth of an ancient Stoic.

74. *Sombre and rich, the skies*

THE poet idealises the character of Charles I., who certainly had a fine taste in art (l. 44), showed great courage at the last (l. 34), and was sincerely religious (l. 43), though the *Eikon Basilike*, written to foster the belief in his saintliness, was a forgery. By a strange irony of fate two of the most beautiful statues in London, this (by Hubert le Sœur, 1633), and the bronze statue of James II. (by Grinling Gibbons) near the Admiralty buildings, commemorate the two most unfortunate of Stuart kings, the one beheaded in London, the other driven thence into exile.

Even in the heart of London (argues the poet) night makes it possible to escape from the crowd and recover the sense of the wide spaces of the Universe and the majestic movement of the stars. So the king, defeated by the crowd, is thought of as triumphing after death in co-operation with the undefeated Divine purpose. Could a poem in any other language than English derive so much of its power and austere beauty from strong bare monosyllables? "Skies," "night," "stars," "king," are recurring notes that weld it together into a splendid unity. Even the epithets are largely monosyllables, "rich," "vast," "calm," "dark," "sad," "stern," "still."

LIONEL JOHNSON (1867-1902) died at thirty-five, but is remembered for some poems of fine taste and feeling, and for his book on *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

9. Comely : cp. "his comely head" in Marvell's *Ode* (G.T. 88).

10. his own Whitehall : the Palace in which he had lived, and in front of which he was executed. As "York Place" this had been the London residence of the northern archbishops. After Wolsey's fall Henry VIII. converted it into a royal palace.

29. his death : cp. Marvell in his *Horatian Ode* (G.T. 88).

35. Charles declined to plead before the Court which tried him : he was refused leave to speak after his sentence.

75. *She said, They gave me of their best*

"AFTER the taking of Athlone in 1691, the Irish army was utterly defeated at Aughrim, and great numbers of the Irish were driven to take service abroad, especially with the French" (B.). Athlone and Aughrim followed up and completed the victory of the Battle of the Boyne, which William III. had won in the preceding year.

The Hon. EMILY LAWLESS (1845-1913), daughter of Lord Cloncurry, wrote, besides poems, Irish stories and a history of Ireland.

76. *O my Dark Rosaleen*

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN (1803-1849) was an Irishman, who, in the impression he leaves of poetical powers marred by intemperance, recalls Edgar Allan Poe. The American poet is recalled also by the rhythm of these verses, especially by the repetition of the name, Rosaleen: compare Poe's repetition of "Lenore" and "Annabel Lee."

1. Rosaleen: a personification of Ireland, like Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Kathleen-na-Houlihan." With Irish poets (as in No. 75) these personifications are not mere figures of speech; they do really feel for their country "as a lover or a child" (Wordsworth in *G.T.* 258).

3. The priests: the imagined time is 1588, the sailing of the Spanish Armada.

17. Erne: a river that flows through two large loughs of that name into Donegal Bay.

77. slogan: a Gaelic word for a battle-cry which has lately been taken up into popular use in England.

77. *There is a shrine whose golden gate*

THREE poems of passionate loyalty to king (74) or mother country (75, 76) are followed by three poems of the home pieties, the tender relationship of mother and son (77-79). First comes a boy's beautiful expression of his sacred feeling for his mother—a feeling intensely personal, yet shared by "all the human-hearted."

DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN "was only nineteen when he was drowned while bathing in the river Welland. His poems were first published by Mr. Robert Bridges, his school-friend at Eton, in 1911" (B.).

78. *'Twas when the op'ning dawn was still*

WILLIAM BARNES (1801-1886) spent most of his life in the county of Dorset; he was a schoolmaster and afterwards a clergyman. Most of his poems are written in the Dorset dialect, and some are of very fine quality. His bronze statue stands outside St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, the little town which also prides itself on its long and intimate association with Thomas Hardy.

It was a happy thought to place *The Morning Moon* next to *The Shrine*, for the spirit of the two poems is identical; though the setting of Barnes's, in the Dorset landscape and the homely

Dorset speech, is so different, and the new thought is introduced of devotion to the mother paling before devotion to the chosen bride, as the morning moon pales in the growing sunlight.

“The last stanza of this poem has been omitted” (B.).

17. 'S : As.

79. *Now sleeps the land of houses*

A WONDERFUL realisation of a mother's feelings, her communings with her own heart taking shape in an address to her first-born. There are intimate things which she will never say to her child when his separate consciousness has developed, but she hopes that, if she says them now, some dim, yet helpful, remembrance of them may be his. So she tells of the dawn of love—like Desdemona, she loved her husband for the dangers he had passed—the hopes and fears and shyness of courtship, the purity of wedded love, the sorrow of conception, the pains of birth. She contrasts the ideal love, and the children that are its fruit, with the loveless marriages of convention or of worldly interest, as well as with the lawless matings that lead to shame and despair. Lastly, her heart goes out into a dream of the fair future she would fain forecast for her child.

Metre.—Rhyming lines of six accents with a break in the middle; each line is printed as two; the feet are iambs or anapæsts.

46. *whiles* : sometimes. An adverb formed from the gen. of the subst. “while” = time; found in Chaucer. Morris loved to give a kind of antique air to his verse by the use of occasional archaisms. Examples may be found in many poets—Virgil, Coleridge, Keats among others. The adverb “whiles” still persists in dialect, as in the north-countryman's answer to the southerner's question, “Does it always rain here?” “Na, whiles it snaws.”

105. A lovely vision, though it is the opposite of the one which gave delight to the Roman poet, *Suave mari magno* (Lucretius, Bk. ii).

133. It is a true touch that the observation is sometimes acute when the mind is preoccupied with other things. Rossetti had noticed this: see his poem, *The Woodspurge* (*G.T. of Modern Lyrics*, 72).

166. *wont and use* : cp. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xxix.:

“Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house.”

186. *quicken* : becomes alive.

209. *awaken* : awake. Another intentional archaism ; but the true antique form would be "awoken," for it was "strong" verbs, *i.e.* verbs that changed their vowel in the past tense, which formed their past participle in *-en*.

80. *Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon*

OVER against the poems of happy motherhood (77-79) is set a young mother's heart-broken lament over the faithlessness of her lover. The theme recalls one of the most moving of the old ballads, "O waly waly up the bank" (*G.T.* 133). *Airly Beacon* is a hill in Forfarshire, Scotland.

If CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) had written no verse besides this and his two pathetic ballads of the coast, *The Three Fishers* and *The Sands of Dee*, he would be remembered as a poet even more than as a novelist, an active social reformer, and a devoted clergyman.

81. *My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes*

PERHAPS the most beautiful of all Patmore's Odes. He has sometimes been accused, and not wholly without ground, of an almost maudlin domesticity ; but here he is at his best as a poet of home-life. The father's realisation of the need for infinite patience in dealing with childhood passes into a parable of the Divine Love for mankind : so turned, it becomes an expansion of the Psalmist's simile, "Like as a father pitieth his children" (*Psalms*, ciii. 13).

2. *wise* : an archaic word for "manner" or "guise," surviving in such phrases as this and in the adverbs "crosswise" and "nowise."

17. *abraded* : worn by rubbing. O.E.D. gives examples of the scientific use of the word in the eighteenth century, but no example of poetic use ; probably Patmore was the first to introduce it to poetry.

82. *The blessed damozel leaned out*

Its strength and boldness of imagination, and its exquisite choice of melodious words, will always give this poem a high place among English lyrics ; and though Rossetti wrote it (at least in its first form) before he was nineteen, he will probably be remembered as much by this as by anything else that he wrote afterwards. But for all its charm and the success with which, as in a Pre-Raphaelite painting, it seems to reproduce the naïveté of the

Ages of Faith, it is not really mediaeval in spirit. The idea of the Blessed Damozel pining in heaven for her earthly lover is essentially modern. Dante, on the contrary, heard from the beatified spirits that "His will is our peace" (*Paradiso*, III.), and Beatrice smiled in pleasure when he concentrated his thought upon God so completely as to forget her.

Rossetti painted two pictures of "The Blessed Damozel" after writing the poem, and Debussy composed a cantata on the theme.

5. three lilies : three and seven are the mystic numbers of perfection. In Dante, *Paradiso*, XXII., lilies are symbols of the Apostles and the rose a symbol of the Virgin. In *Revelation*, i. 20, "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches."

13. Herseemed : "it seemed to her"; formed on the analogy of "methought," "meeseemed," where *me* is a dative with an impersonal verb.

23. "This was merely my imagination; it was only the falling leaves of autumn that touched my face."

24. sets apace : sinks fast. "The whole year" may imply that all life is fading—not merely one particular autumn.

35-36. With this vision of the earth from afar compare those in the *Paradiso* XXII. and XXVII., or Satan's vision at the end of *Paradise Lost*, Bk. v.

42. like thin flames : cp. Dante, *Paradiso*, XXIII. 124, *Ciascun di quei candori in su si stese Con la sua fiamma* ("Each one of these glowings stretched up with its flame"), of the saints following the Virgin as she rises through the Primum Mobile.

54. The stars sang : there may be a reference both to the Creation, when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (*Job*, xxxviii. 7), and to the music of the spheres.

86. living mystic tree : "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations" (*Revelation*, xxii. 2).

87. the Dove : the symbol of the Holy Spirit, as in the baptism of Jesus, *Matthew*, iii. 16.

107. The choice of handmaidens may be partly the poet's own, with his instinct for beautiful names. I do not know if Dolben had read *The Blessed Damozel* when he wrote his *Hymn of Paradise* (*G.T. of Modern Lyrics*, 89) :

"Where Cecily is seen,
With Dorothy in green,
And Magdalen all white,
The Maidens of the Queen."

Cecily is St. Cecilia, the early Christian martyr, who has traditionally been regarded as the patron saint of music. St. Gertrude was the founder and first abbess of Nivelles, in Brabant (Flanders). Magdalen is St. Mary Magdalene. Margaret was a third-century martyr of Antioch in Pisidia; she is the subject of two paintings by Raphael. Rosalys (Rosalia) belongs to the twelfth century; she is patron saint of Palermo.

111. The idea of the Virgin and her handmaidens weaving and embroidering garments may have been suggested by Flemish or French tapestries.

126. *citherns* and *citoles*: Rossetti's instinct for beautifully sounding words is seen again in his revival of old names of musical instruments. Both these names are derived ultimately from Lat. *cithara*, and were used to denote stringed instruments of music; *citole* belongs mainly to the thirteenth-fifteenth centuries, *cithern* to the sixteenth-seventeenth.

136. The light: see Dante, *Paradiso*, *passim*, and especially Canto xxx.

83. *When our two souls stand up erect and strong*

ANOTHER of the so-called *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (see note on No. 37). Like *The Blessed Damsel*, this sonnet is concerned with the relations of lovers to each other upon earth and their relations after death; but here both lovers are still on earth, and the counsel is that they should make the most of the brief space of mortality allotted to them.

1. *erect and strong*: Mary Coleridge's fine poem (No. 33) is the best commentary on these two epithets.

84. *O nothing, in this corporal earth of man*

EVERYTHING in which man's soul finds meaning shares the greatness of that soul. Hieroglyphic scrolls, the utterance of the name of God, the spells worked by sacred chants, all imply and partake of the vastness of the whole. And the least things in Nature share it, the worm having its relation to the infinity of the Universe. The greatness of the works of man is only the expression of the greatness of his thought.

1. *this corporal earth*: this seems to mean the material world in which man passes his bodily existence, the world of the senses; this interpretation suits the context better than the other meaning which the phrase could bear—man's body which came from dust and returns to it, and is "earth" as contrasted with the "heaven" of the soul.

14. *Babylonian heart* : "Babel" and "Babylon" are the same, and the tower of Babel on the plain of Shinar (*Genesis* xi.) is a symbol of the grandiose but ever-defeated ambitions of humanity.

85. *Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose*

A SECOND excerpt from Fitz-Gerald's version of Omar : see note to No. 19. The thought of the intolerable pathos of man's life—his greatness and his powerlessness—the sweetness of love and the pitilessness of fate—links these stanzas with the two sonnets that precede and the poem that follows.

86. *You promise heavens free from strife*

THE wistful elegy of a sceptic who cannot be consoled for the brevity of earthly life by the Church's promises of future bliss. Mimnermus, whose name the sceptic borrows, was a Greek elegiac poet who compared mankind to the short-lived leaves.

15. *sexless souls* : cp. *Mark*, xii. 25, "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven."

87. *Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles*

WRITTEN in 1852 ; first published in *Men and Women*, 1855. The scenery of the Roman Campagna, with its ruined towers and aqueducts, doubtless suggested the poem (cp. No. 39) ; but the ancient city is purely imaginary.

Metre.—Six trochees, the last catalectic, followed by two trochees, the last catalectic. In l. 79 the first "Oh!" is a monosyllabic foot : it should be dwelt on as long as the trochee for which it is substituted. The tinkling echo-like effect of the close-following rhymes harmonises with the quiet evening atmosphere and the drowsy sound of distant sheep-bells.

39. *caper* : a bramble-like bush growing in Italy, known to northern peoples by its buds which are used to make caper-sauce.

41. *houseleek* : a herb with pink flowers growing on walls and roofs.

65. *causeys* : causeways, paved footpaths.

79. The speaker suddenly breaks off to apostrophise his own heart as a living thing in a scene whose associations otherwise are with the dead past. What has earth to show for the "centuries of folly, noise and sin?" Nature has almost obliterated their traces. Life and love remain as realities.

88. *In his cool hall, with haggard eyes*

" THIS vision of the Roman and the Eastern world at the time of the coming of Christ is taken from *Obermann Once More*. Obermann is Arnold's name for E. F. de Sénancour (1770-1846), who wrote a book with that name for title " (B.).

Arnold ascribes this vision to the spirit of 'Obermann,' whom he imagines himself to meet on the Alpine pastures above the Lake of Geneva, somewhat as he imagined himself catching glimpses of the Scholar Gipsy (No. 46, l. 123) on the hills above Oxford. 'Obermann' had retired from the world to the life of a recluse; and Arnold, who feels in himself the conflict between two opposite promptings, the prompting to worldly pleasure and the prompting to spiritual meditation, imagines that Obermann's spirit bids him not to imitate his own mistake of withdrawing from the world, but to work in the world for

" One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again."

4. Appian way : the highroad leading S. from Rome to Capua and Brundisium, the finest and most famous of ancient roads.

8. impracticable : observe the weight of the long word in a stanza composed mainly of monosyllables. Cp. the force of 'inheritest' and 'incommunicable' in Wordsworth's *Affliction of Margaret* (G.T. 284).

16. plunged in thought again : the East has always been the home of mysticism and solitary meditation. Cp. the last part of Flecker's *Gates of Damascus* (G.T. of *Modern Lyrics*, 160) or Tagore's *Gitanjali*.

40. the wilderness : Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xxxvii., gives an account of the austerities practised by the early monks, especially in Egypt.

46. a place of ruin : Rome and Italy after the barbarian invasions.

89. *Yet between life and death are hours*

THE same conflict between the allurements of the senses and man's loftier aspirations is the theme of these stanzas. They form the central part of the Prelude to Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise* (1871), a lyrical outburst in praise of liberty inspired by the author's enthusiasm for the Italian Revolution. The argument may be briefly stated thus : "What has life better than Passion and Pleasure?" men ask, and the poet answers that he, too, has been among their votaries, but that the power of these passes

entitled *The Brook* was written later, and does not refer to the Lincolnshire stream.

Metre.—Of the 16 lines, the 8 'odd' lines all end in *be* or a word rhyming with it; in the 8 'even' lines an assonance does duty for a rhyme—a licence which Tennyson, the most scrupulous and unwearied of artists, would not have permitted himself if he had not rightly judged that it satisfied the ear.

94. *Where sunless rivers weep*

THE dead maiden is thought of as lying asleep in a land of shadows waiting for the resurrection. Christina Rossetti made three drawings to illustrate her poem. In the first 'She' is journeying with a cross; in the second a nightingale is singing on a thorn-bough; in the third 'She' is winged and ascending.

19. the west: the region of the sunset, in which human fancy has imagined the Isles of the Blest to lie.

purple: in the sunset glow.

95. *It was not like your great and gracious ways*

LIKE Nos. 7 and 81, an irregular ode in which the rhymes are intricately interwoven and long and short lines alternated with subtle art. In this ode the opening phrase recurs in the middle and at the end after the pattern of a French *rondeau*.

13. harrowing praise: if any should wonder at the epithet, he may be helped to understand its truth and poignancy by recalling Wordsworth's "Alas! the gratitude of men Hath oftener left me mourning" (*G.T.* 263).

18. *sombres*: makes *sombre*. O.E.D. quotes no example from the poets of the use of 'sombre' as a transitive verb, but it gives several from the prose writers. Morley, *Life of Rousseau*, speaks of an imagination "*sombred* by cruelty and superstition."

21. *Lifting the luminous . . . lash*: a poetical expression for 'lifting the eyelashes to show the light in the eyes'; the further epithet 'pathetic' suggests that the light and laughter were not far removed from tears.

29. of all days: stronger than "of so many days" (l. 8); it is as if the speaker were slowly bringing himself to "think the thing farewell."

31. *pass'd*: passed away, died.

96. *Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee*

THE landscape is that of the Yorkshire moors close to Emily Brontë's home at Haworth; but the poem must not be under-

stood as a literal piece of autobiography, for "fifteen wild Decembers" before it was written in 1845 Emily was but a child of twelve. These were among the verses which Emily wrote "in the moments of pause from her pastry-making, in those brief sittings under the currants, in those long and lonely watches for her drunken brother: she did not write to be read, but only to relieve a burdened heart." Her sister Charlotte found the manuscript-book by accident, and her verdict on the poems is emphatically true of this one: "I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy and elevating." See *Emily Brontë*, by A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux), ch. xii.

Metre.—The lines may be regarded either as (1) five ordinary iambic feet, with an extra syllable at the end of the first and third lines and a trochee generally substituted for an iambus in the first foot, or as (2) an opening dactyl followed by four trochees, the last trochee being catalectic in the second and fourth lines. This is the analysis of Mr. Saintsbury (*Manual of English Prosody*, p. 128), but Emily Brontë may merely have aimed at five stresses in each line. Frederic Myers was perhaps influenced by this poem in his choice of a metre for *St. Paul*, and Mr. Saintsbury thinks that Faber had it in mind when he wrote his hymn, "Pilgrims of the Night."

30. memory's rapturous pain: Dante held that the 'pain' of remembering past happiness was the acutest of all:

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

Inferno.

("There is no greater pain than remembering the time of happiness in the midst of misery.")

Keats has the same thought in his "In a drear-nighted December" (*G.T.* 235).

97. *The feathers of the willow*

R. W. DIXON (1833-1900) was a schoolfellow of Edward Burne-Jones at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and a friend of Burne-Jones and W. Morris at Oxford. He was afterwards a Minor Canon of Carlisle Cathedral, and wrote a history of the English Reformation besides several volumes of poems.

98. *A spirit haunts the year's last hours*

AN early poem of Tennyson: the scene is the garden of his father's rectory at Somersby, Lincolnshire. The sadder aspect of autumn,

the sense of decay, the damp, musty smell, is wonderfully represented.

Metre.—Iambic and anapaestic in the song, dactylic and trochaic in the chorus or refrain.

99. *I leant upon a coppice gate*

“WRITTEN on the last day of the nineteenth century” (B.). Hardy was more apt to find sorrow, pain and cruelty in external nature than joy or kindness. Indeed, since scientific observation has made clear the ruthless struggle for existence unceasingly waged in the world of animals and plants, it has been less easy for poets to hold the faith of Wordsworth that “every flower enjoys the air it breathes” (*G.T.* 319). The sombre landscape, likened to the corpse of the century that had just died, is very characteristic of the artist who, in *The Return of the Native*, had etched unforgettably the glooms of Egdon Heath. Recognising the power and truth with which he held our reluctant gaze to the darker side of existence, we may be the more grateful to him for accepting the note of gladness in the thrush’s song, as for letting hope “tremble through” the final chorus of his great epic-drama, *The Dynasts*.

7. *haunted nigh* : frequented the neighbourhood. The word ‘haunt’ is not used exclusively of ghosts, but its ghostly associations make its use specially effective here—as if it were a night that even ghosts might find too eerie.

10. *outleant* : it adds an extra touch of grimness to the picture that the century’s corpse is not “laid out” for decent burial, but “leaning out (or forward)” in a sitting posture.

100. *What is gold worth, say*

Metre.—Three stresses in each line of the stanza, the three monosyllables of the last line having the weight of three feet. The first line is to be read : “What is gold worth, say ?” and the last “Love’s | worth | love.”

101. *A wind sways the pines*

THERE is something of Herrick’s *Daffodils* (*G.T.* 140) in this song, but something also of the later generation that produced Hardy’s *Woodlanders* and his *Return of the Native* in a more intimate sym-

pathy with forest and heath, the ancient and gigantic powers of Nature. The slow iambics of the first line of st. 2 mark the quiet dropping of the pine-cones, while the anapaests that follow catch the swiftness of the wind overhead.

102. *Under the wide and starry sky*

THE stanzas actually inscribed on Stevenson's grave in Samoa. He had written them at Hyères ten years before. They have all the beauty and restrained pathos of the finest epigrams in the Greek anthology.

103. *I strove with none, for none was worth my strife*

WRITTEN by Landor for his seventy-fifth birthday. Very characteristic of him in its high Roman spirit, somewhat too arrogant, yet finely touched to fine issues, and in its classical perfection of form.

104. *My new-cut ashlar takes the light*

EVEN more than his splendid and widely-known *Recessional* this poem represents Mr. Kipling in his austere mood, and also at his highest level of inspiration. The stately phrasing and rhythm have the quality we find in the noblest eighteenth-century verse, whilst the union of personal humility with the profound sense of a high calling carries us back beyond the eighteenth century to the Milton of the *Sonnets* and of the Invocation in the Third Book of *Paradise Lost*.

1. **ashlar** : square-hewn stone. The time is sunset, and the level rays strike the newly-placed masonry and glorify it.

2. **crimson blank** : the blinding glare of the new windows reflecting the setting sun.

17-20. God gives to the artist's brain a creative vision of Paradise ; and, beholding that vision, the artist can feel, as God felt, that his work is "very good" (*Genesis* i. 36) ; and feel, too, that as a creator he shares in godhead. Shelley quotes a saying of Tasso, "None deserve the name of Creator, save God and the poet." For Eden as the vision of the ideal, cp. Tennyson, *The Two Voices* :

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream."

22. **that dread Temple of thy worth** : the Temple of human achievement, which is also God's achievement for His creation ;

every true craftsman shares in it, and is inspired by God. St. Paul's use of the metaphor of "God's building" in *I. Corinthians* iii. 9-17 may possibly have been in Mr. Kipling's mind, but he is fond of metaphors from the mason's craft. See the beautiful poem called *The Palace*, in *The Five Nations*, "When I was a king and a mason—a master proven and skilled."

24. naught common : the poet, in the spirit of Peter's vision at Joppa (*Acts* xi.) finds that nothing is to be called 'common'; he "purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being" (Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry*), and he is the proclaimer "Of Joy in widest commonalty spread" (Wordsworth).

26. spoil or speed : fail or prosper.

105. *Strew on her roses, roses*

AN early poem of Arnold's. He never surpassed its music or its pathos; and it remains, with Tennyson's "Break, break, break" (No. 47), and Landor's "Rose Aylmer" (No. 49), among the supreme English elegies. The language is of the simplest, but in the last stanza three Shakespearian words, 'cabin'd,' 'inherit,' 'vasty,' add a touch of variety and distinction without destroying the simplicity.

106. *Sunset and evening star*

It was Tennyson's own wish that this should always be printed at the end of editions of his poems, as his final testament to the world. He made it in his eighty-first year, on crossing the Solent after his serious illness in 1888-9. "It came in a moment," he said to his son. The second stanza is assuredly, alike for imagery, for sound, and for depth of quiet feeling, one of the most beautiful in the whole range of English poetry.

7-8. The same thought is expressed in *The Coming of Arthur* in Merlin's 'riddling triplets,' "From the great deep to the great deep he goes," and more fully in *De Profundis*, written just after the birth of his son Hallam.

15. my Pilot : "The Pilot has been on board all the while, but in the dark I have not seen him" (Tennyson's own note). His son adds that Tennyson explained the Pilot as "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us." As to the source of the metaphor, he explains : "My father had often watched the pilots from Southampton Water climb down from the great mail-ships into their cutters off Headon Hill, near the Needles."

107. *Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat*

FIRST published in *Dramatis Personae*, 1864. Mrs. Browning had died in 1861, and this tribute to her memory and intimate revelation of the poet's own creed was written within a few months of her death. This and the *Epilogue to Asolando* may be taken as, in a special degree, his testament to the world.

Metre.—Lines of four and two stresses alternately, the feet iambs and anapaests. L. 17 is difficult; the choice seems to lie between (1) *Nó ! let mè | taste the whòle | of it, fàre | like my peèrs*, and (2) *Let me tàste | the whòle | of it, fàre | like my peèrs*. With (2) "No!" must be treated as an extra monosyllabic foot, outside the scansion. Against (1) is the instinctive English dislike to any stress on the first personal pronoun; but I am not sure that Browning sympathised with this feeling. In favour of (2), perhaps, is the emphatic meaning we gain for "taste the whole" = "miss nothing of the bitter savour."

Title. Prospeice is the Latin imperative, "Look forward!"

10. barriers fall: admitting the combatants to the lists where the final battle must be fought.

108. *O world invisible, we view thee*

ANOTHER last testament: the lines were found upon Francis Thompson's desk after his death. "This poem"—so runs Mr. Wilfred Meynell's note—"Francis Thompson might yet have worked upon to remove, here a defective rhyme, there an unexpected elision. But no altered mind would he have brought to the purport of it; and the prevision of 'Heaven in Earth and God in Man,' pervading his earlier published verse, we find here accented by poignantly local and personal allusions. For in these triumphing stanzas we hold in retrospect, as did he, those days and nights of human dereliction he spent beside London's River, and in the shadow—but all radiance to him—of Charing Cross."

Title. "In No Strange Land" recalls such biblical expressions as "I have been a sojourner in a strange land" (*Exodus* ii. 22) and "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" (*Psalms* cxxxvii. 4). The original has the explanatory sub-title or motto, "The Kingdom of God is within you" (from *Luke* xvii. 21).

14. As the chance dislodging of a stone by the foot upon a moorland slope will 'start' the wild birds from the heather.

17. "When (thou art) so sad (that) thou canst not (be) sadder": this perhaps too elliptical expression is one of the roughnesses that later work upon the poem might have removed;

but many who have loved the poem in spite of these roughnesses have long ceased to regard them as blemishes.

19. the traffic of Jacob's ladder : "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it" (*Genesis* xxviii. 12).

21. my Soul, my daughter : it is his own soul that the poet addresses as 'daughter.' There may be an unconscious reminiscence of such expressions as *φύλον ἡρώς* in Homer and of "daughter of Zion," "daughter of Jerusalem," used in the Hebrew prophets almost as synonyms of "Zion" and "Jerusalem."

22. clinging Heaven : O.E.D. cites two examples from Elizabethan dramatists of 'clinging' used thus with a direct object.

23. walking on the water : *Matthew* xiv. 25.

109. *No coward soul is mine*

YET another poet's last testament ; and we may surmise that Mr. Binyon has chosen to set it at the end—for in chronological order it would have come first—because it is the most profoundly moving of them all. Arnold wrote of it in *Haworth Churchyard*, his elegy in memory of the Brontë sisters, as the "too bold dying song" which "stirr'd, like a clarion blast, my soul."

"They found no novel, half-finished or begun," says Emily Brontë's biographer, "in the old brown desk which she used to rest on her knees, sitting under the thorns. But they discovered a poem, written at the end of Emily's life, profound, sincere, as befits the last words one has time to speak. It is the most perfect and expressive of her work : the fittest monument to her heroic spirit" (A. M. F. Robinson, *Emily Brontë*, p. 232).

4. equal : calm and strong ; "with an equal mind" (No. 1, l. 108).

110. *Think thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die*

THE third of three sonnets (71, 72, 73 in *The House of Life*) which give different answers with which man may meet the announcement, "To-morrow thou shalt die." "Eat thou and drink," "Watch thou and fear," are the first two answers ; but the poet's sympathies are with the third. It is not for men to rest as if the race had attained perfection ; on the contrary, our thought and action are needed, because mankind still has endless space to traverse before the goal is reached.

In the Preface to the First Edition of the *Golden Treasury* in 1861 Palgrave spoke of "closing" his "long survey" of English

poetry. Mr. Binyon's Book V. adds to the "long survey" another century. But this concluding sonnet may well remind us that the end is not yet: not all the wealth of poetry, old and new, should cause us to fear that "The mount is mute, the channel dry." In the noble words of a living poet (Mr. de la Mare in *The Scribe*):

“ Though I should sit
By some tarn in thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,
Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh . . .
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.”

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